Movie CLASSIC

OCTOBER
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SEP 11 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Glenda Farrell

Natural Color Photograph

FRED MacMURRAY'S HONEYMOON DIARY

THE REAL REASON WHY HARLOW HATED HER HAIR

BE IRRESISTIBLE—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



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YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

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To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

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IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK

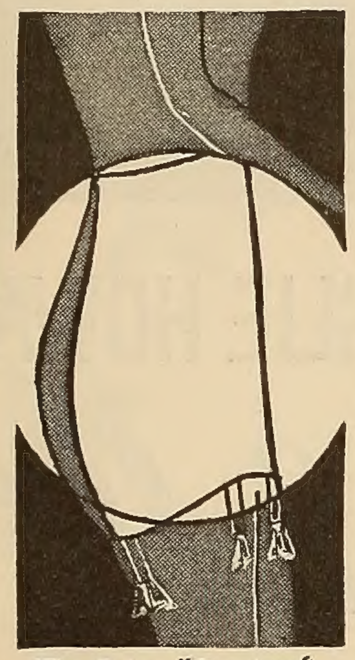
QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!



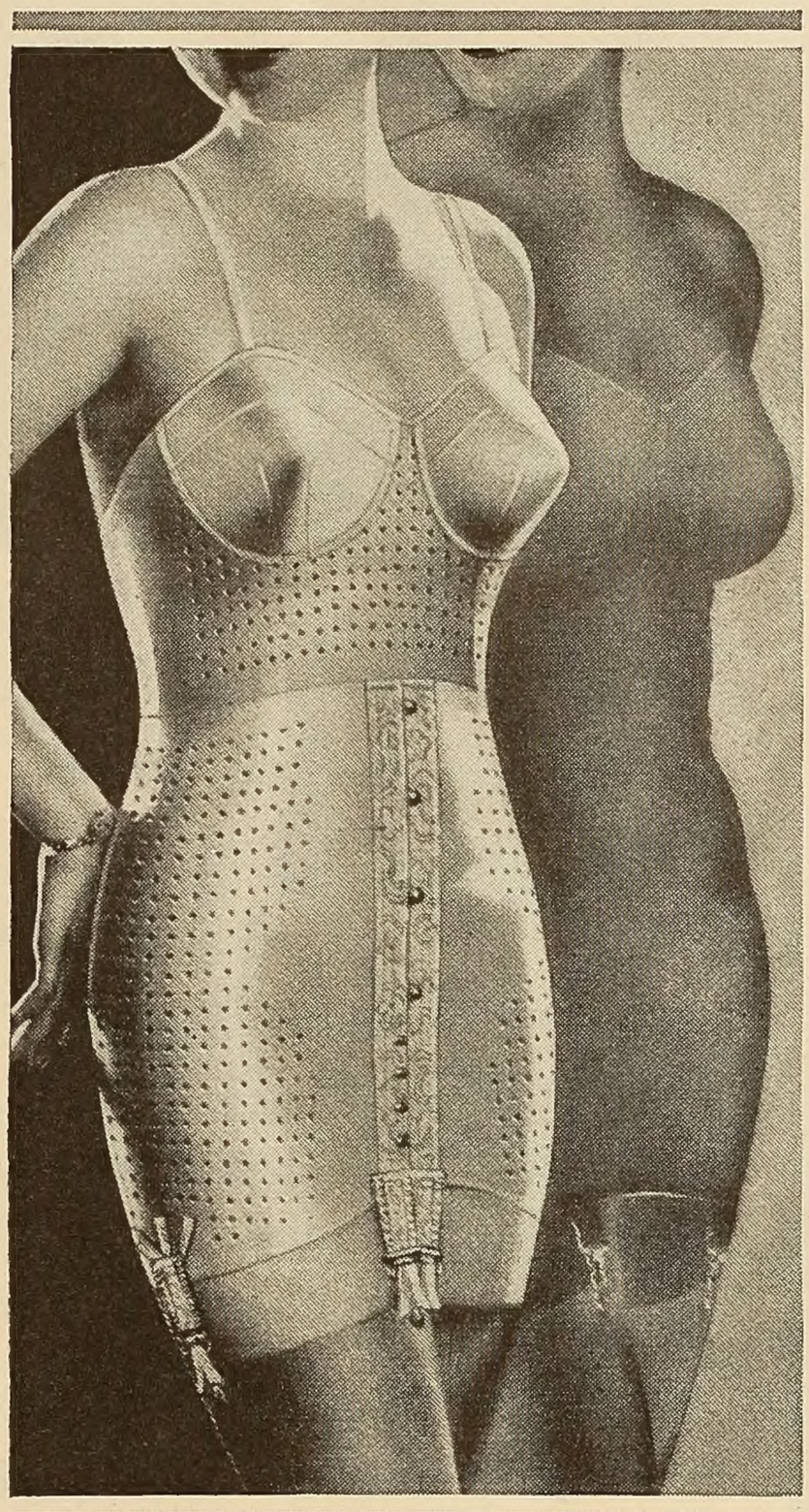
Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

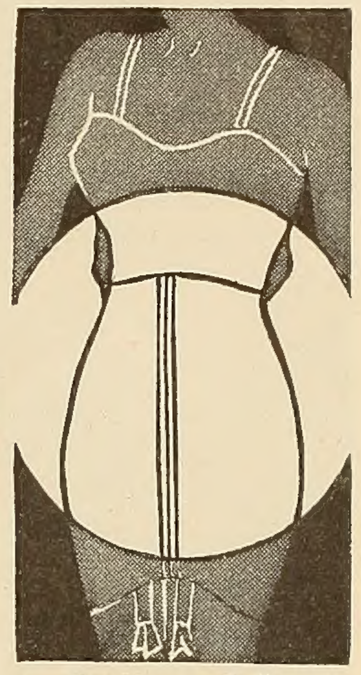
■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.



The Bulge "Derriere" Reduces Quickly

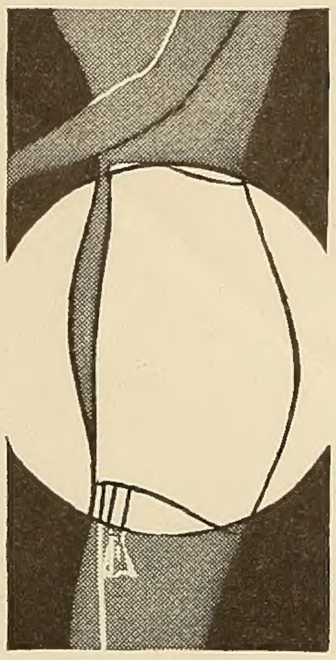
■ It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites . . . simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where Fashion says reduce.





Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now Perfolastic does it.



Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "tummies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS . .

. . . IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING!

Thousands of women owe their slender, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the sure, safe way to reduce! So many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we know that we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere...and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, waist, diaphragm and thighs, where fat first accumulates.

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

How is it done? Simply by the gentle massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off those unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES" WRITES MISS RICHARDSON

■ "Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Reduced from size 42 to size 18," writes Mrs. Faust. Miss Browne "immediately became 3 inches smaller," etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove whether it will do as much for *you!*

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED MATERIAL!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 710, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Use Coupon or Send Name-Address on Penny Postcard

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in

"Romeo and Juliet"

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
ANDY DEVINE • RALPH FORBES • REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY
TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

•

You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel . . . and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust...Lovers meet ...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" —*Robert Benchley*

"A far greater film than 'Mutiny on the Bounty'" —*Jim Tully*

"List it among the screen's major achievements" —*Walter Winchell*

"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away"—*Anita Loos*

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On the Cover

Edwin Bower Hesser, Hollywood's master of natural color photography, contributes a new personality study of Glenda Farrell, the third in a series posed exclusively for MOVIE CLASSIC

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER, 1936

VOL. 11 No. 2

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT
Editor



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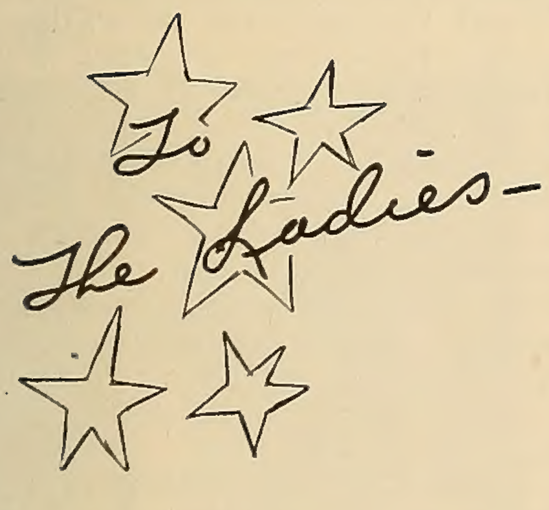
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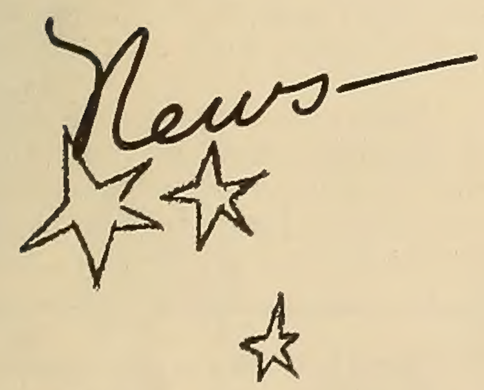
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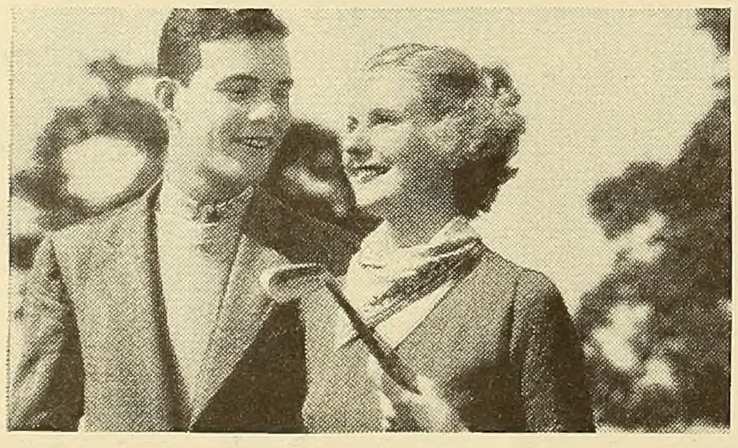
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



● I was dull and logy—felt a headache coming on—thought the day would never end! I knew all too well what the trouble was—poor elimination. Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I took a tablet. It worked like magic. Now I can't say enough in favor of FEEN-A-MINT!



● What you do: Just chew FEEN-A-MINT, a dainty white mint-flavored tablet, for 3 minutes. Troublesome constipation yields to FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing-gum laxative. You chew it for 3 minutes, and this chewing makes a world of difference in the way it works. Gentle but effective results will be yours!



● Blessed Relief! Once more full of natural vim and pep, thanks to FEEN-A-MINT. No griping, no violence, no disturbance of sleep. Not habit-forming. Economical. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Get FEEN-A-MINT yourself—for happy r-e-l-i-e-f from the misery of constipation.



Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada

Now *You're Talking*

The readers' page, whereon they are urged to express their frank opinions of pictures and players—and MOVIE CLASSIC



Louise Latimer, recently brought to Hollywood from the New York stage by Radio Pictures, is being hailed as one of the more promising young prospects for stardom. She will soon be seen in *Don't Turn 'em Loose,* a dramatic assault on the parole question

$15 Letter

A Pertinent Observation—During years of picture going I have been struck by one thing in particular, to wit, the short lived popularity of most of the "stars." For a few years they are with us, then suddenly they sink into obscurity. We, the picture going public, are no doubt responsible for a good portion of this, but I think the producers are also equally to blame. When an actor or actress makes good in one picture, he or she is immediately used in a dozen others within a few short months. Usually in the same sort of role. We become tired of seeing them then, and say, "Helen Starlet is at the Palace, but it's probably just the same as her last picture; we'll go somewhere else." After a time these stars become so used to one particular type of role they could not play anything else.

I know there are exceptions to this; all rules have exceptions, but I think that if the producers would not use the same star so frequently and occasionally cast her in a different type of role, the stars and public would both be grateful.

I have just seen *Showboat,* which is a case to point. In it Miss Dunne has been given a role a little different from that which she usually portrays and the result is we have a magnificent performance. Next time I see her name advertised I shall go to that show with great anticipation. Miss Dunne has taken on a new lease of life (movie) and will go on to greater heights I am very certain.—*Miss Geraldine Clarke, 3626 Oxenden Ave., Montreal, Canada.*

$10 Letter

Censored!—In reviewing a picture that has been taken from a stage play the critic often laments the fact that the censors whitewash the original theme until it is hardly recognizable. Being a person of normal curiosity and aware that if the subject would offend a movie audience the same would apply to the audience of a stage play I have regretted that so many movies were glossed over. However, I have changed my mind. Sometime ago I saw *These Three* with Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins and found it satisfyingly dramatic and disturbing. It was handled with a clearness that left no one in doubt as to its meaning and yet with a delicacy that could not offend. Then I read the play *The Children's Hour* from which this picture was taken and although I am not necessarily shocked by reading it, still I could not see this play as a movie in its unadulterated form without wondering if I had not strayed into a cheap theatre showing "For Adults Only—Sex Pictures."—*Virginia Lance, 1013 Busseron St., Vincennes, Indiana.*

$5 Letter

Way Out West—I was very much interested in your story about Westerns in a recent number of Movie Classic. I haven't seen one in years. They don't seem to be shown at our theatres any more. I have always loved them, from my old favorites William and Dustin Farnum down. I would be glad to see them shown at the first-run theatres, and I would even be willing to sit through a two-picture program, which usually bores me to death, if one of the pictures was a Western.

Why do I like Westerns? Oh, there are many reasons. I love to be carried back to the Past, the good old colorful adventurous days when the West was new.

I like the Out-of-Doors, the sweet, clean open spaces. I am tired of city streets, and city noises, and it is restful just to sit and look at a picture where the action takes place out of doors.

Then I like Real Men. Men who are strong and brave and adventurous, who can ride and shoot, who protect the weak and helpless, and who make love as real men should.

And I like Westerns because of their romance and glamour, and because they carry me away to the Never-Never-Land of my Dreams, where I can forget myself

[*Continued on page* 59]

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

A Valiant Picture For a Valiant Star

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at ——— Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.

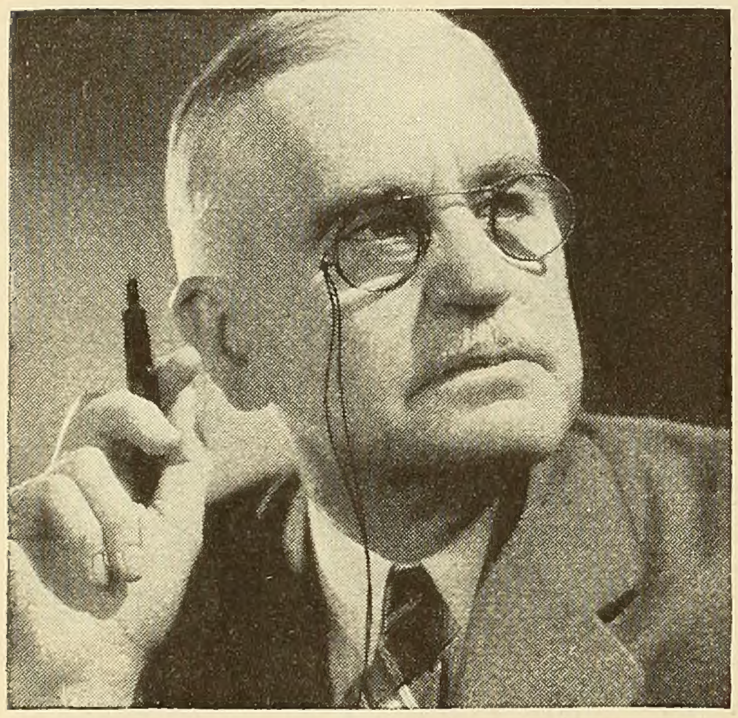


GLADYS GEORGE, *famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by* WESLEY RUGGLES.



What was sacrifice to her, if it could bring them happiness?

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?



TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And *every* point is important.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point the doctor looks for. Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes. For over 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader...the largest-selling laxative in the world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It *is* gentle. It *is* thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

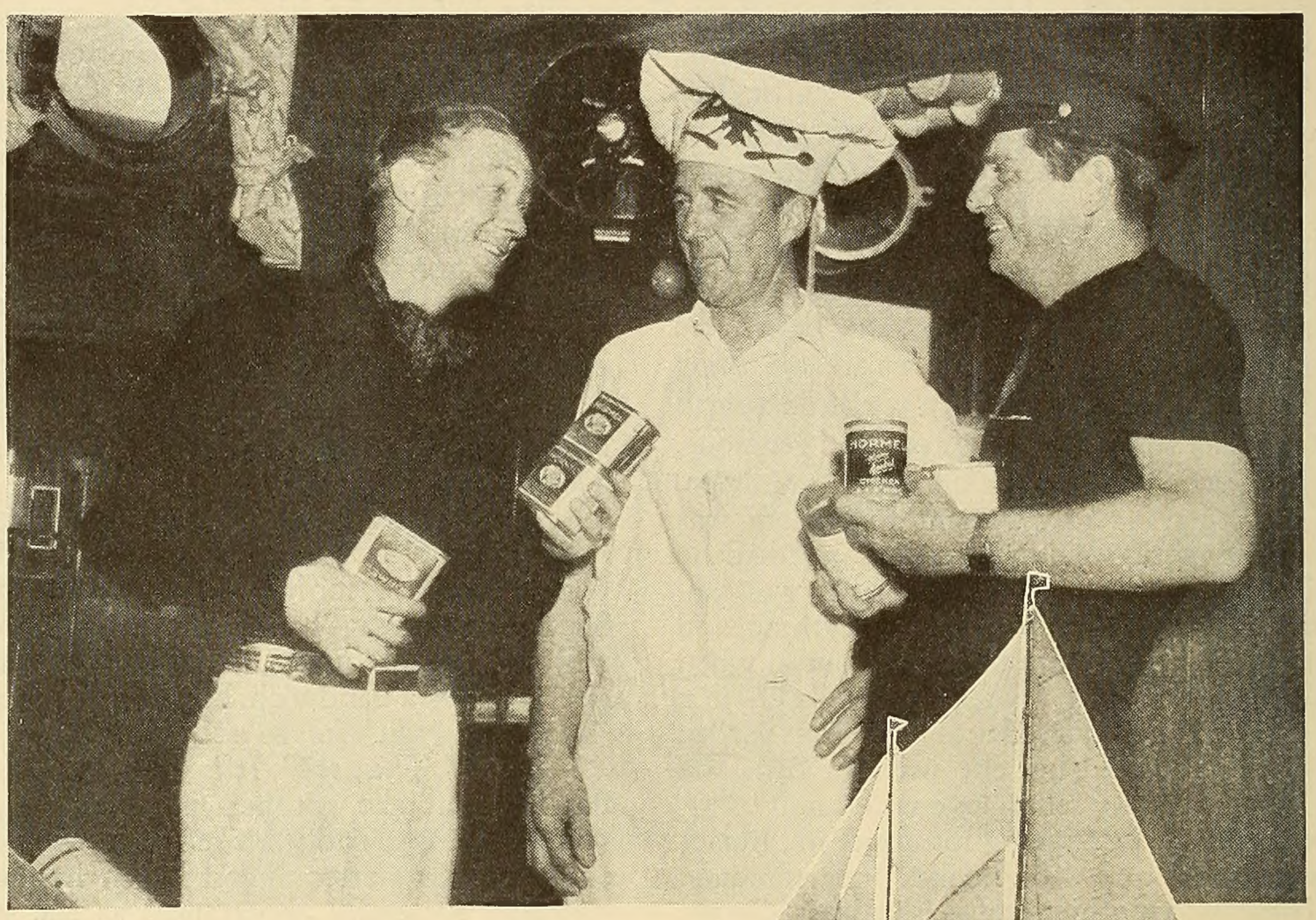
At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dep.F.G. 106, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Nautical Recipes For Landlubbers



by Dorothy Dwan

ACROSS 2,000 miles of blue Pacific and back—a cruise of two months—that was the delightful prospect in view for Lee Tracy and his doughty crew aboard *The Adore,* entered in the classic Honolulu yacht race, until the problem of food came to the fore!

What, Lee's companions demanded, would they eat? And Lee had the answer ready—he stocked the entire hold with canned food. Tins galore containing flavorsome ham, chicken, every variety of soup, and all the delicious foods prepared by Hormel were aboard.

There you are, fellow-members of the "How To Feed Your Men" Club. Information you'll find interesting straight from a male shoulder! After all, what could be more simple to prepare—and what is more palatable to the taste of husbands?

Just before the cruise got underway I went aboard *The Adore* with Lee and promptly turned green with envy. Why, oh why, must men have all the fun in

[*Continued on page* 86]

Lee Tracy and the first mate talk over luncheon with the chef aboard Lee's yacht, "The Adore"

Ann Dvorak's Cook Book

CRABMEAT SALAD

1 can crabmeat
3 hard cooked eggs
2 avocados
4 tbls. mayonnaise
1 head lettuce
4 tsp. caviar

Cut crabmeat into small pieces, chop one egg, and cut avocados in half. Scoop flesh from avocados and mix with crabmeat and egg. Season with French dressing and fill avocado shells with mixture. Cover top with mayonnaise. Chop yolks and whites of remaining eggs separately. Cover one side of filled shell with whites and other side with yolks. Place caviar in center and arrange shells on crisp lettuce leaves

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

● Screen history will remember 1936 as the year of Warner Bros.' herculean picturization of "Anthony Adverse." In sheer physical grandeur and emotional immensity, here is a picture that dominates the screen of the year as completely as Hervey Allen's mighty novel dominated the world's bookshelf in its two-year reign at the top of the best-sellers. Reader millions who called it impossible to film will now acclaim it as impossible to describe—as it sweeps through three heroic generations, across the turbulent frontiers of three continents, to pack highlights of the 495,000 most exciting words ever put on paper into 2¼ hours of high-tension entertainment. The supreme adventure of your movie-going career awaits you in—

"ANTHONY ADVERSE"

From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

HERVEY ALLEN

Starring, among scores of featured players,

Fredric MARCH

With a cast of more than 2,000 including

Olivia de HAVILLAND

Anita Louise • Donald Woods
Edmund Gwenn • Claude Rains
Louis Hayward • • • Steffi Duna
Gale Sondergaard • Billy Mauch • Akim Tamiroff • Ralph Morgan • Henry O'Neill

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

● Another "Anthony Adverse" would have to be written to catalogue all that is to be seen in the 412 scenes of the photoplay. Accurate description seems beyond the power of words. It is, like all miracles, a thing that must be seen to be believed—a crushing answer to those who said a picture could never be made equal to the book.



TO MAKE "ANTHONY ADVERSE" COME TRUE ON THE SCREEN

The novel Hervey Allen turned hermit four years to write was read 11 times by Sheridan Gibney in planning the screen play . . . 17,437 fans wrote letters asking Warner Bros. to give Fredric March the title role . . . Sets were built in duplication of scenes in France, Italy, Switzerland, Cuba, Africa and America . . . Olivia de Havilland won her role before the public knew her, studio officials having seen her tests in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

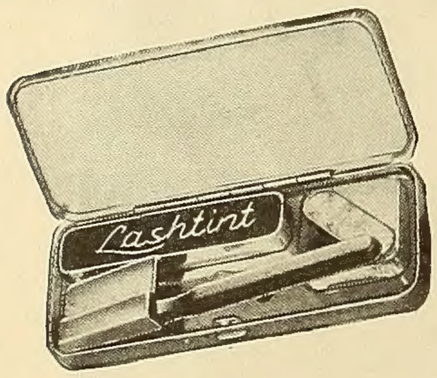


HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by *Jane Heath*

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the *results*—and *never know* why wives look prettier.

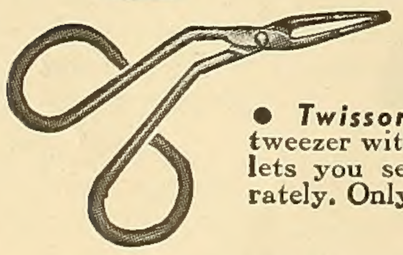
You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.



● ***Lashtint Compact.*** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, *ensuring just the right consistency* to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. $1.



● ***Kurlene.*** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.



● ***Twissors.*** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. FG-10. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

Hollywood Highlights

In which MOVIE CLASSIC'S rambling keyhole-peeper relays the latest news and gossip about your Cinemaland favorites

by The Boulevardier

EVER since Clark Gable accidentally knocked out a sparring partner while shooting prize-ring scenes in *Cain and Mabel,* the leading men have been waving biceps furiously. No sooner had Clark kayoed his man than he announced he was thinking of taking out a professional boxing permit in California. He's still thinking about it, I guess. Anyway, not to be outGabled, Georgie Raft sleeked back his hair and told the world:

"I am about to start serious training. I'm willing to fight anyone. My right hand still carries enough dynamite to knock some of these professional so-called fighters goofy."

Funny part of it is that Raft isn't uttering balloon-juice. He can and—now and then—does do it.

Any Part of Him

Mentioning Clark Gable reminds me of the grand crack pulled the other party-time by Warners' tops director, Merv Leroy. Long before Gable became THE Gable, Merv tried to have Warners sign him. They tested him—but rejected him. "His ears," said the wise men of Warners, "are too big!"

"And now," remarks Merv, "Warners wouldn't mind having *just* his ears!"

Perfect

'Scuse, please—, but I've just *got* to tell you about the little blonde who, filling out an application card for extra enrollment, got by the measurement queries all right—

Waist? "25 inches," she wrote.

Hips? She pencilled in "35 inches."

Then she came to the next query:

NECK?

Hastily she scribbled:

"You *bet!*"

In the Family

When you see *The Trunk Murder Case* on the screen, you'll be seeing a family enterprise.

It's being produced by Norman Foster, who not long ago married Sally Blane, The financing is by Sally, Polly Ann

[*Continued on page* 12]



Gary Cooper and the Mrs. (why the scowl, Gary?) attend a preview of *Rhythm on the Range,* in which their pal, Bing Crosby, stars



Virginia Weidler and Benny Bartlett, Paramount's youthful starlets, take time off from their toil to adventure on a nearby wall

RING OUT THE OLD SEASON SWING IN THE NEW

to Jerome Kern's glorious new tunes in the most dazzling musical entertainment in the careers of the queen and king of song and swing! It Follows the Fleet and tops Top Hat!



Hear these Jerome Kern
SONG HITS
"The Way You Look Tonight"
"Pick Yourself Up"
"A Fine Romance"
"A Waltz in Swing Time"
"Bojangles in Harlem"
"Never Gonna Dance"
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

with their best supporting cast to date

VICTOR MOORE · HELEN BRODERICK
ERIC BLORE · BETTY FURNESS
and **GEORGES METAXA**

A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production
He gave you "Roberta," "Gay Divorcee," "Top Hat" and "Follow The Fleet" · Directed by George Stevens

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

SHOPPING WITH SUE



Here is what I learned about personal hygiene accessories. You can have complete confidence in these intimate items.

Susan Lee

Shopping Expert

For Utmost Comfort



Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c; De Luxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort women dread.

For Personal Daintiness



If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard how Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest, and you'll agree 35c is a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may be carried in your purse for emergencies. Box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation". The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write for the ones you want. Room 1402, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 10]

Young and Loretta Young, sisters.

Now if Norman can only find a spot in the show for the youngest member of the family—delivered by Ol' Doc Stork to himself and Sally not long ago—it'll be a hundred-percent job, yes?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE:—just graduated into Grade 3-A, passing with marks of "excellent" in reading, courtesy, thrift AND self-reliance . . .

What Price Glory

Note entitled "Fame"—

Dramatic coach Edward Elsner, who has among his clients Greta Garbo, told me about what happened at a class of high-school girls he was coaching in movie technique. Discussing a certain role, Elsner told them:

"This should be made a sort of Marie Dressler type."

Up spoke one of the 19-year-olds:

"Who," she asked bewilderedly, "is Marie Dressler?"

Fisher-ladies

Merle Oberon and Jean Parker are piscatorial rivals. Merle keeps her friends' larders supplied with fish she catches out of the Pacific ocean, which laps at her Santa Monica back door. Jean is equally nuts about fishing—since she went out for the very first time in her life the other day, and brought back a 6-pound bass. Which as any fisherman knows, is *some* bass!

Keeping Up With Cupid

Mystery-of-the-Month in Hollywood's love-life goings on is the Margaret Sullavan-Willie Wyler-Henry Fonda three-ring circus. Margaret's in the middle ring. Ex-husbands Willie and Henry, apparently, are in the other two rings—and part of the time Margaret's bestowing her alleyoops on one, and then on the other. Not long ago, she was so fonda Fonda that all Hollywood was certain and positive they'd be remarried almost any moment. And then suddenly, poof! like that, she turned her back on Fonda and at this moment is being seen night after night, place after place, with ex-hubby Willie.

And what's that old crack about not having one's cake and eating it too?

Nature Study

Every once in a while the Hays office guards our morals but leaves our risibilities utterly unprotected. Like the trick they pulled on Paramount's *The Girl of the Jungle*—they made 'em put a pair of specially-made hairy pants on Tony, a trained ape, because Tony had a pair of specifically-situated hairless patches that offended the Hays code. You've *seen* apes, haven't you? Then don't esk . . . !

Clever Ruse

Hedda Hopper, who used to alpine-guide you through the Hollywood maze in this magazine before she hopped off to London, pulled a clever trick on the British. Knowing that London's oh-so-snooty Savoy Hotel doesn't permit women wearing hats in their grill of nights, Hedda presented herself there wearing the very latest in Hollywood chapeaux. Flustered but firm, the head waiter told Hedda she'd either have to go away or take off the hat. Graciously, Hedda took off the hat—BUT somehow (strange, eh?) there was a press-agent nearby—and now half the British populace is writing letters to the newspapers pro and con on the hats-off ukase. And is Hedda getting publicity? Attagirl!!

People In Glass Houses

It was Irvin Cobb who, long long ago, made that famous crack about a movie star having "no more private life than a goldfish in a bowl!" But it remained

Is it a romance? Bernard Newman, RKO stylist and Ann Sothern are being seen together so constantly that Hollywood is beginning to wonder

Lupe Velez and hubby Johnny Weissmuller are among the cinestars who have sworn allegiance to Ensenada, Mexico, where this photo was snapped

for Ann Sothern to actually and literally make it true—

For Ann's bedroom has eight windows —*and a skylight!*

Maybe she's going to run opposition to Lupe and Johnny, whose own private life drew this crack, the other day, in the gossip column of a local paper:

"Aside to Lupe and Johnny: You MUST pull your shades down! The neighbors are having more fun!"

Jolly Reunion

Heh heh heh heh . . . it seems that King Edward, now that he's King, isn't snooting-down any of the people he met when he was merely Prince of Wales. He's having them to dinner at Buckingham Palace. And so it was that Bennet Cerf, recently divorced from Sylvia Sidney, and once engaged to Miriam Hopkins, was invited to dine with His Majesty. Edward, remembering social affairs of the past, sent word to Cerf that there would be a couple of American movie girls in the party, too.

Well—you've guessed it, haven't you? The movie gals were Miriam Hopkins *and Sylvia Sidney!*

Record-Breakers of the Month

(Being a list of Hollywood's newest champions in various forms of important human endeavor, as compiled from official studio reports.)

Most Beswathed Star—J O A N CRAWFORD: Wore eleven petticoats under a single dress for *The Gorgeous Hussy.*

Most Thwarted—E D N A M A E OLIVER: Went all the way to a secluded English country cottage to get away from Hollywood and movies; woke up first morning there to find movie company under Hollywood director "on location" in front yard.

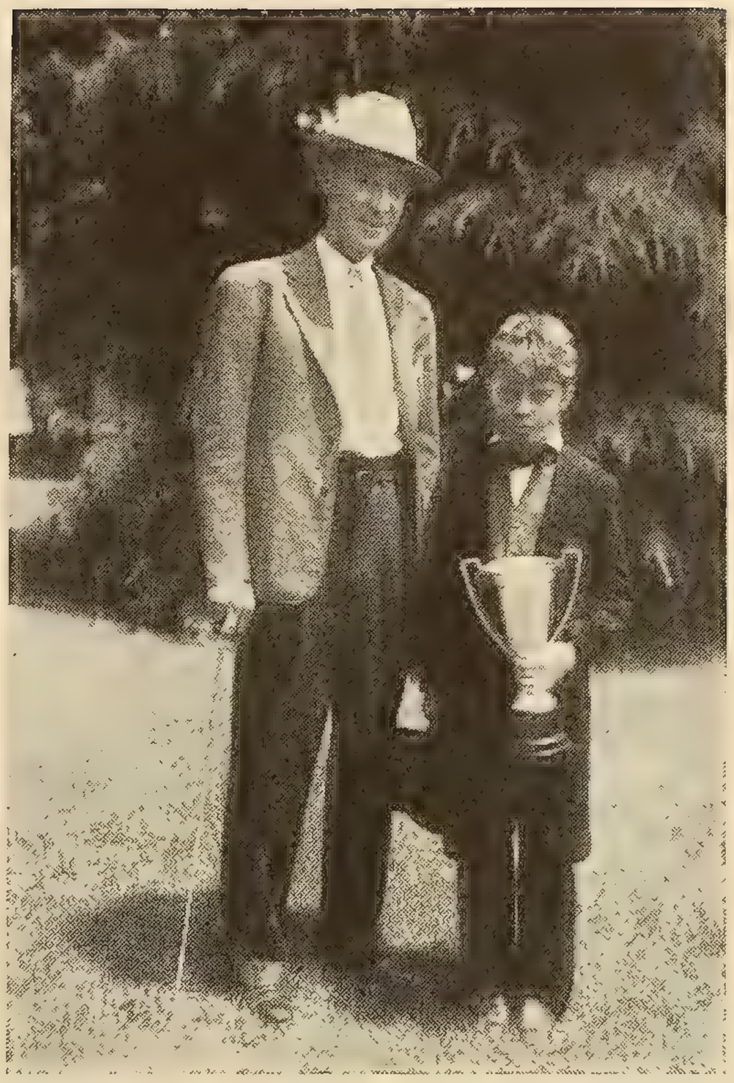
Oftenest Retired—GARBO: Uttered, in MGM's wardrobe department, her *fourteenth* definite announcement that she is going to quit movies and America forever "soon."

Cleanest-Scalped—G I N G E R ROGERS: Washed her hair in soapsuds for twelve hours straight for a scene in *I Won't Dance,* and then went home and rinsed it out.

Winchell-est Star—N E L S O N EDDY: Outdoes keyhole-peeping by installing hidden microphones in his house, hooked up with recording device; at parties, he plays back private-corner conversations between guests.

Most Pathetic—DIRECTOR E. H. GRIFFITH: Received assignment to direct, *in ONE picture,* Constance Bennett and Loretta Young and Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon!

QUAINTEST Giver—F R A N C I S LEDERER: Presented his friends, at intervals of one month, with (1) heads of cabbage, (2) rabbit's feet, (3) silver four-leaf clovers, (4) apricots.



Chic Sale isn't training his son, Dwight, to follow in his footsteps, but what's to be done when the offspring shows such a flair for makeup?

Wedding Bells

So at last Elaine Barrie had her twenty-first birthday—and even Irving Thalberg attended the birthday party John Barrymore gave her. And then and there, they announced their betrothal—and isn't that just too, too, darlingly old-fashioned? The wedding will happen in October, I suppose. It'll be then that Jawn's divorce "takes."

Heavy Ballast

After their tiff a few months ago, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy have become firm, fast friends again. BUT—even so, Stan will NOT allow Babe on his boat.

"It's a nice, big boat," says Stan, until it's compared with Hardy. I wouldn't take a chance!"

A La Hollywood

Neatest tomfoolery of the month was the christening announcement that Alan Dinehart and the Mrs. sent out:

"Alan Dinehart, designer and chief engineer, and Mozelle Brittone, executive in charge of production, announce the christening of their 1936 model Dinehart, featuring two lung power, free squealing, scream line body, economical feed and changeable seat covers.

" * * * The management assures the public there will be no new models during the ensuing year!"

Contrasts

It depends on whether you're a rabid film fan or not where you go on your next European trip. You can have either Paris—or the principality of Liechtenstein. . . .

You see, in Paris, there's a neighborhood movie house that shows FOUR feature productions for one price! On the other hand, in all Liechtenstein, there isn't a single movie theater.

Hi-Spots of the Month

JOAN CRAWFORD:—wore a heavily-banged wig and a pair of trick glasses to a preview, and wasn't once recognized!

JOAN BLONDELL:—appeared undisguised at a preview and *was* recognized, especially by a little boy who, after getting her autograph, said: "Gee, Miss Blondell—all us morons think you're swell!"

KATIE HEPBURN:—annoyed beyond reserve by the undisguised staring of a couple of tourists in the studio cafe, turned the tables! Stared back at them unblinkingly until, flustered, they blushed, dropped their eyes, and didn't even look up when Katie swished regally out.

JOHN BARRYMORE:—stole the show from the symphony orchestra at Hollywood's first concert under the stars, when he bawled out and attacked a press cameraman who shot a flash of him and Elaine Barrie as they entered.

TED HEALY:—got all dressed up in his evening clothes and went to a party at the house of Stu Erwin and Wifie June Collyer—only to discover nobody home because he was just one week late.



Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton, both absent from the screen for some time, return as the co-stars of Samuel Goldwyn's production of *Dodsworth*



Bing Crosby and Edith Fellows take time out from their work on the set of Columbia's *Pennies From Heaven* to cement their friendship



Ginger Answers

Announcing the winner of Movie Classic's first "Win a Telephone Call" contest. Here are the answers to your questionnaire —and a wealth of new information about a favorite star

by
The Inquiring Reporter



Ginger Rogers takes time off from her work in *Swing Time* to testify in the most gruelling inquisition ever inflicted on a star

TO Mr. George C. de Wolfe of San Francisco goes the prize in Movie Classic's first "Win a Telephone Call" contest. Ginger Rogers, taking the witness stand, found it extremely difficult to select the most interesting question and it was only after prolonged concentration that she finally decided in favor of Mr. de Wolfe's query. His winning question leads the inquisition published herewith, and Ginger will have telephoned him by the time this magazine reaches print. More about that call next month.

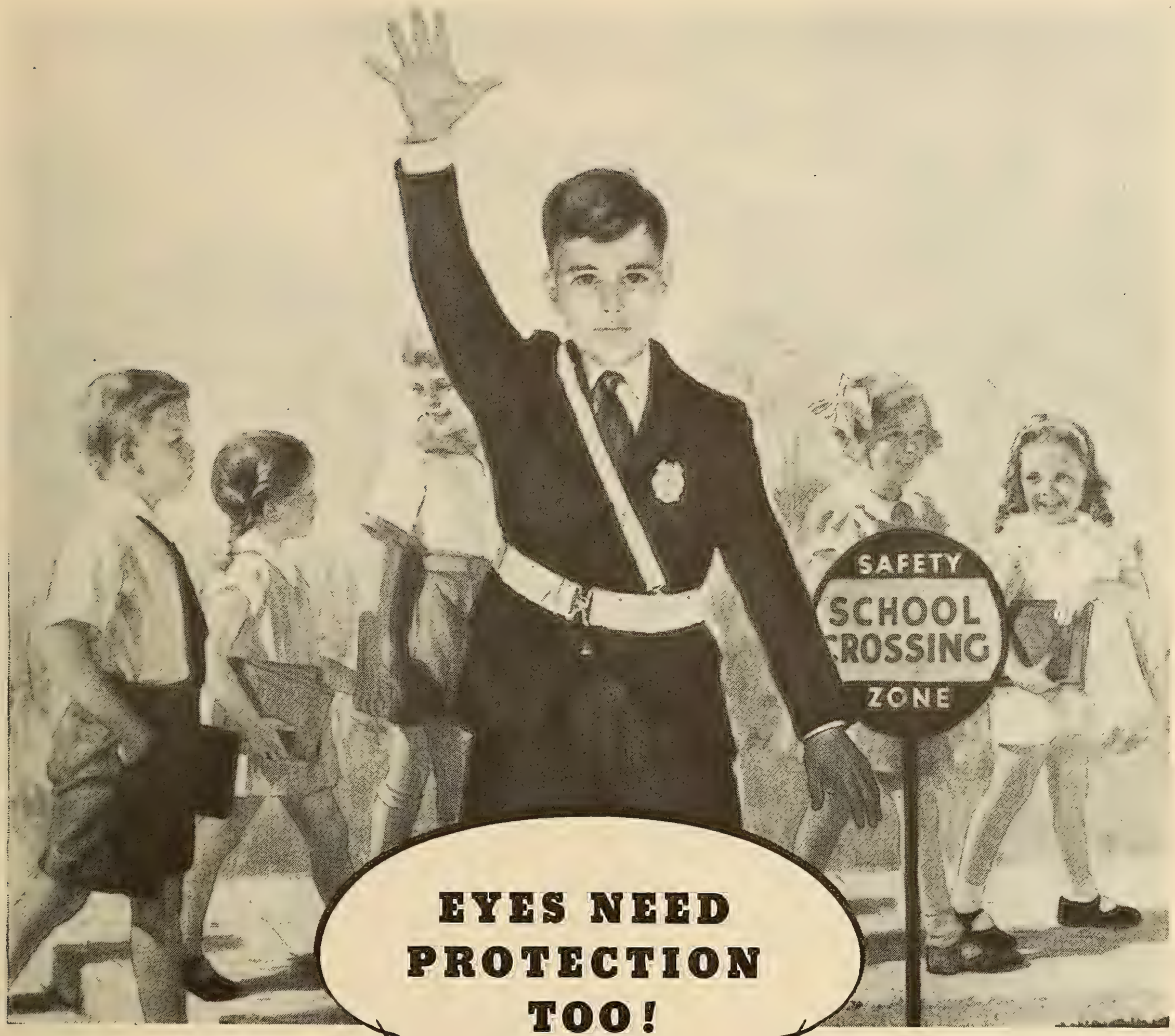
Ginger demonstrated the full meaning of her nickname by her enthusiastic attack on the deluge of questions delivered to her dressing room by your Inquiring Reporter. And a deluge it was! Every mail between the time August Movie Classic reached the news stands and the 20th of July, on which the contest closed, brought hundreds of questions—most of which, by the way, showed real thought and genuine interest.

Were it not for the fact that there were so many duplications and so many questions which could be covered by Ginger's biography, Movie Classic would have been embarrassed by its lack of space to answer the thousands of inquiries.

But Ginger, despite the fact that she was still working in her current co-starring picture with Fred Astaire, was undaunted. She tackled the task of answering with a fervor which belied the fact that she had just returned from five hours of dance rehearsal on a sound stage registering 98 degrees in the shade. She pondered every entry thoroughly before dictating her reply. And she enjoyed it!

Because so many of her fans were curious to know a few facts about her life before she became a famous screen star, she suggested that we lead off with a short synopsis of her career, from baby-hood to lady-hood. And we have taken her suggestion. [*Continued on page* 16]





EYES NEED PROTECTION TOO!

HERE ARE four important rules every parent should follow to provide eye protection in the home:

• Have your children's eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.

• Call your electric service company today and ask for a free survey of the lighting in your home. Adequate light and proper lighting can help greatly in reducing eyestrain.

• See that your Children are provided with I. E. S. Better Sight lamps for studying and reading.

• Use only lamps of the highest quality, such as Edison MAZDA lamps. They stay brighter longer, and don't cheat eyes of the light they need.

General Electric's new free illustrated booklet, "Seeing Begins," is packed with timely, helpful information about sight and light—about things you can do in your own home at little or no expense. Write for it. Dept. 166, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



G-E MAKES A 10 CENT LAMP, TOO! It is the best lamp you can buy at the price. 7½, 15, 30 and 60 watt sizes. Each dime lamp is marked . . . GE

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



YOU can't help feeling sorry for her —the girl who seems to be "in wrong" with everyone.

She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *Why?*

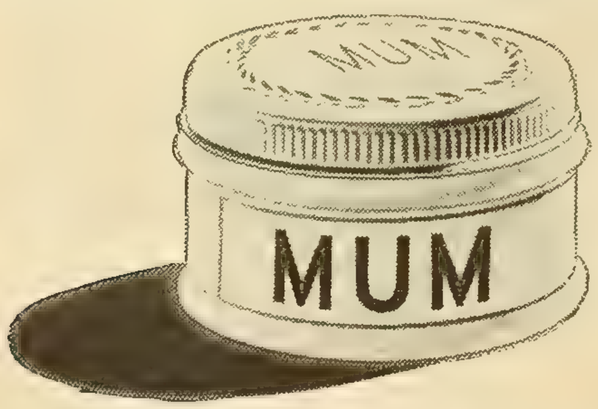
Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

Ginger Answers

[*Continued from page* 14]

And now, congratulations on the intelligence of your questions and on your response, and without further ado let's put our witness under oath and start our investigation.

Ginger Rogers . . . born Virginia Catherine McMath in Independence, Missouri, July 16, 1911 . . . nicknamed "Ginger" by baby cousin who couldn't pronounce her name . . . played leads in school plays written by her mother . . . was ambitious to become a teacher . . . won Charleston contest in Fort Worth, Texas . . . winning of contest started her stage appearances . . . while playing in Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn, she tried out for comedienne role in musical show, *Top Speed* . . . won the part . . . while playing in *Top Speed* Ginger received her first movie offer . . . from then on she led a double life —the stage in the evenings and movies during the day . . . Went from *Top Speed* to lead in musical show, *Girl Crazy* . . . made a sensational hit . . . was paged by Hollywood . . . signed three year contract with RKO Radio . . . first smash hit was *The Tip Off* . . . pictures that followed were *Gold Diggers of 1933, Professional Sweetheart, Finishing School, The Gay Divorcee, Romance of Manhattan, Flying Down to Rio, Star of Midnight, Roberta, Top Hat, In Person,* and *Follow the Fleet* . . . Latest picture is *Swing Time* . . . her height is five feet, four inches . . . weighs 108 lbs. . . . Has blue eyes and red gold hair . . . favorite sport is tennis . . . most pleasant pastime—dancing . . . her favorite hobby is finding new hobbies.

Q. Is it your observation that the attendant circumstances to a movie career with the publicly vulnerable position of one's actions tend to produce an artificial or store front personality, even between two stars?

A. Definitely! That question is shrewdly put and although I don't hesitate to answer in the affirmative, I find it difficult to explain my own answer. Being constantly "on parade," constantly aware that people are staring at one, surmising about one, and commenting about one, does tend to create an artificial personality and it is extremely difficult to shed that personality at will. People in this business are unconsciously attempting to live up to their "manufactured personalities" and doing so becomes such a confirmed habit that even when people outside of the industry are not in the audience, it is virtually impossible to be completely natural. However do not censor our asumption of artificial personalities too severely for our "store fronts" are often an improvement upon our own natural personalities and we benefit by wearing them.

Q. If you were to begin your career all over again, would you choose the same method of "breaking in" and would you prefer to have a different "first part" than you did?

A. No, I wouldn't choose another method of breaking into pictures. I came to the screen via the stage and that is the best background that any ambitious film player can possibly have. Neither would I choose a different part than the one I played which was a "light heavy" rôle. It gave me a chance to show some ability as an actress and consequently enabled me to make some impression.

Q. Would you prefer to be cast for some other type part than that which you have played in your most recent successes?

A. Certainly I would. I would like to play character rôles and by that I mean rôles which would give me a chance to be more than "just a girl."

Q. What career would you have followed if you had not been a success in moving pictures or had not entered them?

A. If I had not entered pictures I would undoubtedly have stayed on the stage. In any event I would have been connected in some capacity with the theatrical profession for my mother's knowledge of the theatre made it my ideal vocation.

Q. Do you have a secret ambition or latent ability which you would like to develop, and if so, what is it?

A. Yes, I have. I have always wanted to write and some day I hope to convert that ambition into practice. I want to write fiction—but I am not in any great [*Continued on page* 63]







MAKE THIS TEST!

DRINK

Budweiser

FOR FIVE DAYS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS

On the sixth day
try to drink
a sweet beer

You will want the
Budweiser flavor
thereafter

NEVER SWEET • NEVER SYRUPY • ALWAYS UNIFORM • ALWAYS DISTINCTIVE

Exclusive!

NELSON EDDY Reveals His Dream Girl!



Never before has this handsome and famous singing star talked about girls —and love. But he has his ideal, just the same, and now he is telling about her!

Read what he has to say in the October issue of

SCREEN PLAY

This filmland magazine of romance also brings you fascinating love stories about the stars, including Bing Crosby, Madeleine Carroll, Gertrude Michael, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck and many others.



10c

NOW ON SALE



Win a Telephone from Gene Raymond

The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Holywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Gene Raymond the following questions, answers to which will appear in the December issue of Movie Classic.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Your Name and Address.....

Hollywood is on the line again . . . and here's your chance to win a personal telephone conversation with one of Hollywood's most popular stars. Gene Raymond invites your questions

WHAT do you want to know about Gene Raymond? What questions would you ask him if you were conversing with him, tete-a-tete?

There are literally thousands of questions which you can ask him—questions which will produce much new and interesting information about one of the screen's most interesting personalities.

Here, then, is your opportunity to question him to the complete satisfaction of your curiosity.

And remember, HE WILL PERSONALLY ANSWER ONE QUESTION—THE QUESTION WHICH HE CHOOSES AS THE MOST INTERESTING—VIA LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE!

So join Movie Classic's new and novel contest and conduct your own interview with Gene Raymond.

Simply write your questions on the coupon which appears on the opposite page, clip and mail the coupon to "The Inquiring Reporter," Movie Classic, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Be sure that your question is within the bounds of good taste. Do *not* ask Gene to name the actress who in his opinion is the most beautiful, for the poor chap has to go on living in Hollywood. Do not ask him to name his best personal friends, for he has many friends and it is poor taste to discriminate between them in print. Do *not* ask questions which obviously tend to violate studio taboos.

Be sure to write or type your questions legibly.

Be sure to include your address and telephone number.

Be sure to mail your questions in time to reach The Inquiring Reporter on or before August 20, after which date this contest will be closed.

Your Inquiring Reporter will take your queries to Gene Raymond, who will personally answer them. His answers will be printed in the December issue of Movie Classic.

The date of his telephone call to the person whose question he considers the most interesting will be arranged by the editor of Movie Classic to suit the convenience of both parties concerned.

So, don't delay. Gene is ready to take his place on the witness stand and your questions are in order.

Call



☆ Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the lovely perfumed soap that keeps you sweet and clean, and also fragrantly dainty!

Now! This lovelier way to Avoid Offending

Bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

How different from any other soap . . . this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

For it not only keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather . . . utterly free from any fear of ever offending . . . It also keeps you *fragrantly dainty*, with its lingering perfume!

So rare and costly is the perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet, that it clings about you long after your bath . . . lends you the subtle glamour of a fine imported perfume! What other soap could bring you such *perfect* daintiness?

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics, makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. At all drug, department and 10-cent stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢—THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

Tested and Approved — 2273 — Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

Madam



Now...
You get the Best
AT THE PRICE
OF THE NEXT BEST

Plus a Money Back
Triple Guarantee



Money Back
Triple Guarantee

1 *Withstand almost endless boiling and ironing*

2 *Lighter–cooler–yet wear longer, than any shield*

3 *Perfect satisfaction and comfort–or money back*

BE DOUBLY SURE
to get the genuine *"Marvelite"* by Hickory because: First—Substitutes cost more in the long run. Second—If you can get *the best*—at the price of the next best—we'll leave it to you—what's best?

ECONOMY NOTE
Protect all your dresses with "MARVELITE"—cost so little—save so much. At all good Notions Departments. 35c—3 pair for $1

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES

The House of Morgan

"THAT Ralph Morgan is a FUNNY guy!" stated a Hollywood picture producer in a studio conference.

His associates looked at him in amazement. One retorted: "You mean Frank. He is the COMIC."

"No, I mean Ralph," argued the first producer, "he IS a funny guy."

"I still think that Frank ——!"

"Listen, dummy, I say Ralph Morgan is a funny guy because he THINKS he is a comedian."

Light dawned on the associates. "Now I get it," one agreed, "you mean the guy thinks he is a funny man. Can you beat these actors? Always thinking they can pick their rôles better than we can. Ralph is a swell actor and all that, but he had better stick to straight drama.

"He's no comic. He's not the type."

Ralph Morgan regarded this interviewer with an ironic smile. A touch of wistfulness in his manner too, I thought, as he proclaimed with a mock gesture of despair:

"Behold the tragedian!

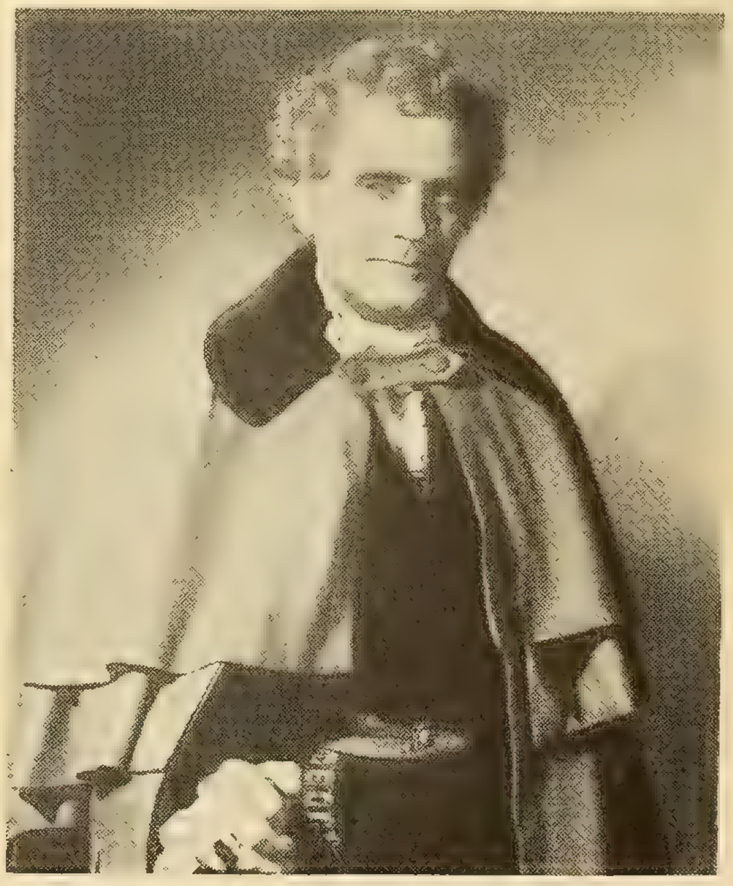
"In me you see the erstwhile comedian playing straight for Hollywood."

We were lolling about comfortably in the patio of his Beverly Hills home, following a round of golf with boon companions at Lakeside. Out on the lawn under the shade of the trees, Ralph's Sealyham terrier suddenly attracted our attention by his peculiar actions. He was sitting up, begging. Two marauding mocking birds were swooping down on him, each snatching a tuft of hair. Realizing the futility of defending himself if





Ralph Morgan, not Frank, was the famous comedian when they were both on the stage prior to their Hollywood fame



Frank Morgan (upper photo) scores a triumph in *Dancing Pirates.* Ralph Morgan (lower photo) wins new laurels in *Anthony Adverse*

Revealing many unknown facts about one of the theatre's most distinguished families

By
Clark Warren

he remained in the shade, the dog was patiently begging the mockers to "please leave me alone."

"Sometimes I feel like Princy Boy out there," said Ralph, laughing, "futilely trying to defend myself against Hollywood casting directors who insist on 'typeing' me from their own ideas of what rôles I should play.

"I know you are probably thinking that here goes an old bromide again," he continued, "a disgruntled actor's protest against the Hollywood evil of 'typeing'. But, my friend, bromide or no bromide, 'typeing' is an evil in pictures. And, it has ruined many an otherwise promising screen career."

Right as rain, Ralph Morgan. Too often, our finest actors are selected for their rôles from an apparent viewpoint of personal appearance, rather than acting ability.

How many times have we seen an actor on the screen who looks the part, but who doesn't play the part? Who leaves a false note, who lacks sincerity and conviction?

What the bare photographic eye sees at first glance doesn't make the actor. It's the soul that is revealed behind the actor's eyes and in his method of expression.

In real life, Ralph Morgan is an exceptionally distinguished-looking gentleman. To some, he may look more like a colonel or a clubman than an actor.

Certainly he doesn't look like a comedian, but then, neither does William Powell. And, who can play suave,

[*Continued on page* 58]



Frank Morgan made such a hit with the stammering, hesitant comedy in *Affairs of Cellini,* that Hollywood has "typed" him

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Why slumbernest means better rest

Fred MacMurray's Honeymoon Diary

Fred and his bride, Lilian Lamont, find romance and adventure in beautiful Hawaii

By Ruth Hale



Fred MacMurray and Lilian Lamont, after surprising Hollywood by their elopement, cast about for an ideal honeymoon and chose the trip to Honolulu

THERE were three chaise longues lined up on one of the cooler sound stages across from *The Big Broadcast* set. A large cardboard sign above them was roughly lettered in red crayon. It read: "These chairs reserved for Gracie Allen, Shirley Ross and Martha Raye. Please keep off and this means YOU. Thank you!" and it was signed Gracie Allen, who was, we presume, at that minute in doing her bit for *The Big Broadcast.*

"Here," said Fred MacMurray who was taking time out from *Champagne Waltz.* "Here's a good place. Let's sit down here."

You may wonder what this has to do with Fred's honeymoon voyage to Hawaii. Just this: a fellow who doesn't believe in reading signs doesn't believe in readable diaries either.

"I know I promised to keep a complete one for you, but have a heart, Lady . . . there were so many things to do and see that I couldn't keep up with myself. I did make a few notes though. Maybe you can piece them together. Here."

He fished in a voluminous pocket and brought out a handful of jumbled scraps of paper. Such a conglomerate string of words and thoughts I have never seen except in a Gertrude Stein opus. Parts of it ran like this: *lanai* . . . horse racing . . . *poi,* lavender wall paper paste . . . Lily, flowers . . . King Kamehameha . . . *palai* . . . liquid sunshine—and so on, pages like that.

No poker face, my perplexity was plain. "Of course if that isn't enough," said Mr. MacMurray with his tongue in his cheek, "perhaps I can give you some more dope to fill in."

This, then, is the monosyllabic diary plus a verbal hypodermic. Fred grinned—it's practically perpetual—leaned back against Gracie Allen's cushions, and began his recent trip all over again.

Saturday

This boat has everything . . . *more* than all the comforts of home. Swimming pool, gymnasium, orchestra, movies at night, games all over the place . . . I guess they're going to keep us busy. Learned my first Hawaiian word: they call the private decks *lanai,* which is much the same as our word, *patio,* so I guess we really are on our way to Honolulu. Seems unbelievable. The only sea trip I ever made before was from Boston to Providence, but maybe I shouldn't own up to it. Lilian's been to Europe. She knows just what to do about everything. I didn't know what to do about all the flowers people sent us—there were so many in the stateroom we couldn't move—but Lily said we should send the bouquets to the dining room for the tables, and the corsages to the ice box; then the steward would bring her a fresh one each night before dinner. I didn't even know we weren't supposed to dress for dinner the first night at sea. That's *one* break, but it'll be stiff shirts from now on. We have a table for two in the corner of the dining salon. The steward looked sort of disappointed when I requested that; said the Captain would like to have us at his table. But you know me on talking to people three times a day, five days in a row.

Sunday

The ship's paper under the door this morning—and even on board a peaceful ship like this, the paper has a gossip column about movieland in it! Will we never get away from Hollywood! Learned this morning that it takes eight turns around the deck to make a mile. Gosh, how they beat it out for that morning constitutional right after breakfast. People who wouldn't think of walking around the block at home breeze around here like marathon walkers! We've sort of got the bug ourselves. Not seasick yet, though I can sure feel the throb of the motor. Played the horse-racing game after lunch—and did Lily have the laugh on me! Trying to act like an old-timer I walked up and put my money on a horse and said, "To show!" And was politely informed that in that game you only bet to win. Then a nice fellow from San Francisco who was playing explained it to me. He's a peach, never mentioned Hollywood or movies or having seen me on the screen. Funny thing—people do not stare or ask for autographs or anything. It's nice not to be treated as freaks, for a change. Guess they realize we're out for relaxation just as they are. Only one strange thing; my new friend asked me if I was a *Malahene?* I didn't know what that was so pretended I didn't hear him. Wonder if that's some kind of an Elk?

Guess I'm not going to be seasick. Glad too, because the food's so good. Every time you turn around they feed you—six times a day to be exact. Hot dogs in the middle of the morning, or ice cream, or whatever you want, also at four, then a midnight supper—in addition to the three regular meals. Being a MacMurray I must also note—it's all paid for!

Monday

Today we were invited up to the bridge, to watch them send up balloons

to test the wind velocity, direction, etc. They do this several times every day, and then radio the information to the clipper ship! Didn't know clipper ships were so dependent on sea ships! They say the Philippine Clipper will pass us early tomorrow.

Tuesday

Was that a sight! The Clipper overtaking us, giving us the go-by. We could see it for twenty miles. Sometimes it would disappear through the clouds and then come back again, and we could actually see the propellers flashing in the sun. A thrill I won't forget for a long time.

Wednesday

More excitement. Passed our sister ship going the other way. Both ships tooted their whistles or whatever they call those noisy things, and ran up code flags to signal each other. They asked us if we knew anybody on the other boat; we could send them a message. Didn't unfortunately, because that would have been great.

Thursday

Back to old times. The boys in the ship orchestra let me play a couple of numbers on the saxophone. Reminded me of the time I tried to get a job with a ship's band. I wish I had, now.

Captain's Dinner tonight, with silly caps and horns and balloons and things like that. And champagne. And the orchestra wandered from table to table, serenading. I've been thinking maybe we *will* sit at the Captain's table on the way back, *if* we're invited. These people are all right. Only my friend from San Francisco asked me again if I was a *Malahene,* and this time I had to have a choking spell. Is it a gag, or what?

Friday

Everybody up at seven this morning, though we didn't dock until nine. But on the way into Honolulu you pass a lot of

(Continued on page 62)

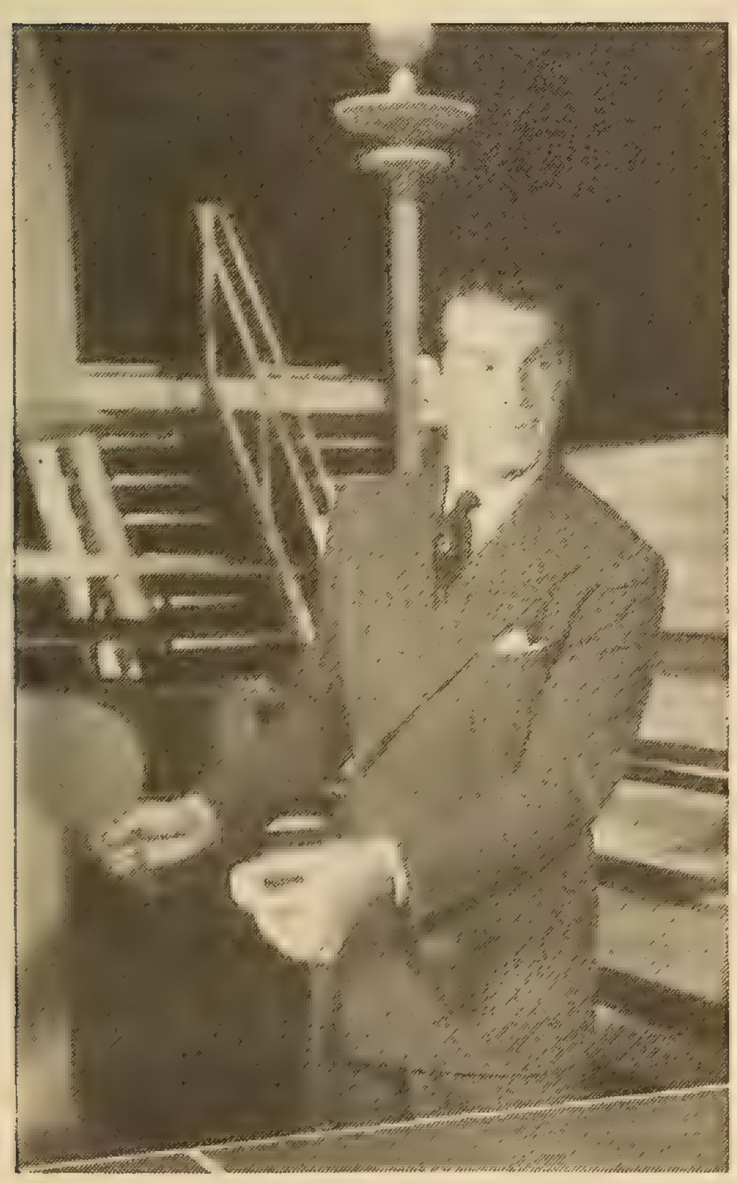


Table tennis on the high seas. And even aboard ship Fred MacMurray couldn't entirely escape the omnipresent news photographers who hound Hollywood's stars

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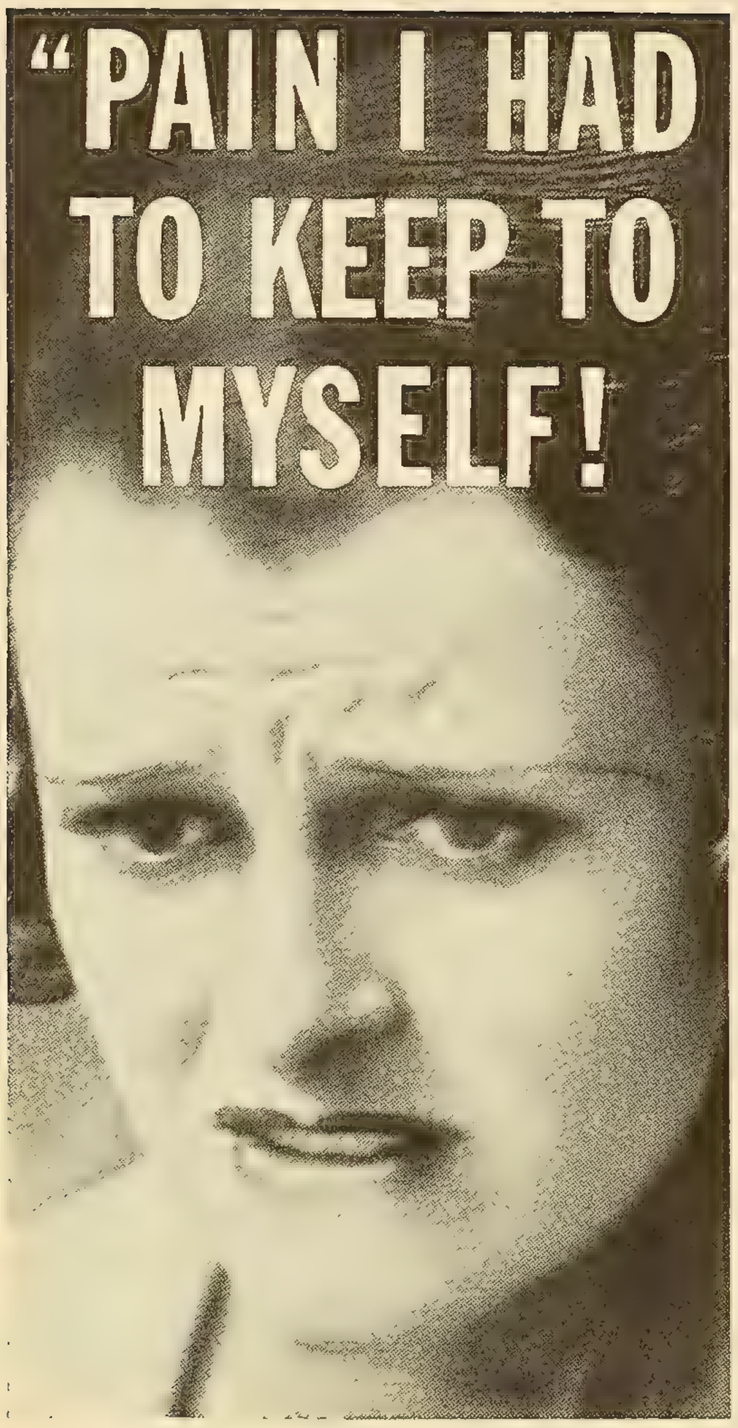
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Hollywood For Him

Frank Forest had to go to Europe and become an opera star before Hollywood recognized—and rewarded—his ability

by
Stuart Housel



Once known as Franco Foresta, Paramount's newest singing sensation is on the road to stardom

HOLLYWOOD'S favorite story is that of Cinderella. Next comes the one concerning the several who tried in vain to win a place on the screen, gave up, left town, and there in their new environment were hailed as "discoveries" to be offered fabulous contracts and dressing rooms with gold-plated door handles. Fred MacMurray is a stand-out example of that. He knocked at every studio gate in town, gave up in poverty and disgust, joined an orchestra, and a couple of years later was snatched right off the stage in New York, where some studio scout had seen him in *Roberta*.

This, however, is not a story about Fred MacMurray. It is an introduction to Frank Forest who has indeed a tale to tell about Hollywood's propensity for seeing greener grass in the farther fields.

Forest was headed for Hollywood when he went to Italy eleven years ago to study voice, but he did not know it at the time. He had his eye on the opera stage, and nothing else mattered. It took Hollywood ten years to catch up with him but it finally did, through the agency of Arthur Hornblow Jr., a member of Ernst Lubitsch's Paramount production staff, who heard Forest sing in England with the Italian National Opera company. It was pure coincidence that representatives of two other American studios heard Forest at the same time. The following day he had offers of a contract from all three. He signed with Paramount for reasons of his own.

Forest's life has been like that. Things would go along and suddenly something would happen, something lucky, and of benefit to him. But at the same time he never ceased to work for what he has, and music always has been his aim, purpose and sole concern.

"There never was a time in my life that I didn't want to sing," he says. "I would have sacrificed everything, no matter what, to win a place in opera, a hearing on the concert stage."

Such singleness of purpose cannot be denied.

Forest's first picture is *Champagne Waltz*, and in it he plays a role scarcely less important than those of Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray, the co-stars. Ernest Lubitsch is now searching for a suitable story and Paramount has announced that Forest will be starred.

With such a future assured, Forest changed his plans accordingly. Instead of a concert season, which for four years has been his custom in January, February and March, he devoted those three months this year to an intensive course of "watching what goes on" in the studio. He was on one set or another every day. He spent hours in the music department, other hours with the studio dramatic coach, and two or three times each week he returned to the studio at night to watch the labor crews prepare the stages for the next day's work. Within three weeks he knew more about the general scheme of motion picture making than the average newly-signed player learns in six months.

Fought

"THE only thing I haven't learned, and a thing that is absolutely necessary in Hollywood, is to be patient," Forest declares. "Everything seems to move so slowly but it is easy to realize why. Each picture from the outset is a new production, every part of which has to be created or built from scratch. This takes much time for preparation. On the opera stage, the only thing I have known, everything is ready—settings, score, costumes, even stage business that has been handed down for generations of players. Rarely is a new opera presented. Personally I feel that this condition should not prevail. I often feel that the presentation of opera must change with the times in order to survive. Modern audiences have a right to see an opera well acted as well as hear it well sung.'

This thought of Forest's is reflected in his work, according to critical comment following his appearance with the Chicago Opera company during its most recent season. It was Forest's first appearance on an American stage since he left New York for Italy ten years before.

"The work of Frank Forest, young American tenor, was auspicious in his debut," said the Musical Courier. "He has a remarkably fine voice, but plus that he has extraordinary ability as an actor. His performance was outstanding because of this fact."

HE recalls a time when his work was not held so highly, at least by one fellow member of an opera troupe with which he was appearing at the time. It was after he had been in Italy some five years, and was appearing professionally, as Franco Foresta, with a medium rate company in a provincial city. The baritone with the company was not as young as he once had been, and his performance this particular night got far from a charitable reception at the conclusion of his opening aria. In fact the audience whistled and hooted in frank derision and refused to let the show go on until its displeasure had been registered to the full.

After enough of this, the blustering baritone walked down to the footlights, glared out over the audience, and roared, "You don't like me, eh? All right. But just wait till you hear the tenor!"

"It was a difficult night," Forest recalls.

It is from such things as this that you draw your chief first impression of this young tenor. His ready smile and his frank blue eyes promise a fine sense of humor and the ability to laugh. Then there is a drive about him, some electric alertness, that leaves a fine impression. He seems eager to have you like him, and to share the regard. An easy person to know. He is definitely the athletic type, broad- [*Continued on page 76*]



LOOSEN THOSE STUBBORN BLACKHEADS

A Penetrating Face Cream Is What You Need!

By *Lady Esther*

When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

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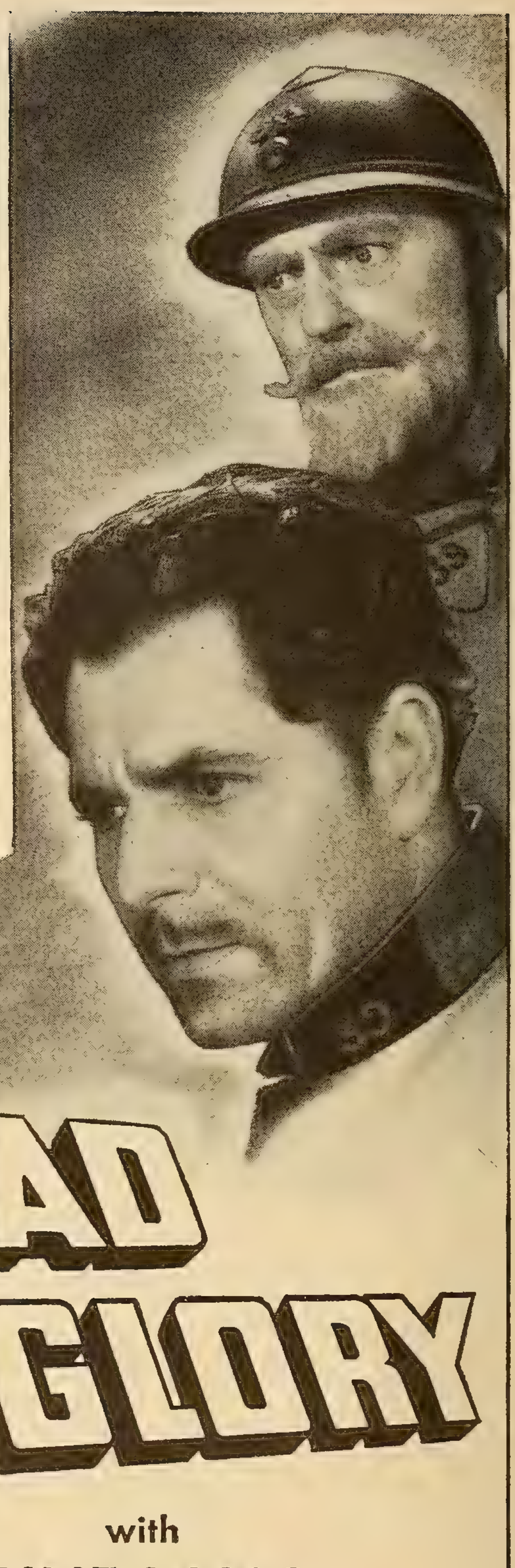
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STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!



—Photograph by Hurrell

★ carole lombard

As the madcap Irene Bullock in *My Man Godfrey,* Carole Lombard more firmly entrenches her position as the screen's première comédienne. Off-screen, she is one of Hollywood's most popular hostesses

The Real Reason

Why Jean Harlow

Branded by her spectacular appearance—feared and hated by other women—Jean risked her career to recapture happiness

by Mary Altman

IT WAS the great social event of the Hollywood year. At the party every star name was present. Jean Harlow, in the first new evening gown she had had in two years—an expensive original created by one of the world-famous couturieres—looked at herself in the mirror which flanked one side of the anteroom in which she was chatting with several friends. She was pleased with herself. It was a lovely gown and she was glad she had bought it.

And then, suddenly, she saw a face behind her—a face distorted with rage and jealousy and hate. The face of a woman she had never seen. For a moment she was paralyzed with fright, and then she saw a glass lifted in a threatening hand. She turned too late. The contents of the glass were hurled at her. It streamed down her back. Down her arms. Down the front of that glamorous frock. She was too astonished and hurt to say a word. The woman turned and walked out of the room.

"Good Lord," said one of the small group surrounding Jean. "What do you think made her do that? She doesn't know you!"

White to the lips Jean stood there, mopping ineffectually at the ruined gown. And then she laughed. And there was bitterness in her voice. "Let's pretend it didn't happen."

If the others didn't know what caused the incident, Jean knew. Knew as certainly as if she had looked into the woman's mind. For this was a gesture not towards the girl Jean Harlow—but towards "That Platinum Blonde" — towards that flamboyant personality portrayed on the screen.

For six years Jean Harlow had been in bondage to her hair and to her synthetically acquired reputation. She had been invested with a personality and that personality had been dissected, exploited, discussed, accepted. Yet the Jean Harlow the world knows and the real Jean are fantastically different. But from the beginning, her spectacular silver hair has been

[*Continued on page* 90]



Illustrations by J. Sweet, Jr.

Hated Her Hair

The contents of the cocktail glass streamed down her new frock . . . and Jean knew only too well the reason for the woman's action . . .

The platinum hair which she donned for her sensational sex rôle in *Hell's Angels* (left) invested her with a synthetic reputation. As a brownette (right) she is, for the first time, herself

Merle Oberon's

Discouragement .... Hunger .... Loneliness .... Merle Oberon survived twenty days of despair which would have crushed the average girl. And those twenty days helped make her a star

by Sonia Lee

THE London fog hung in billows; swirled around the tops of buildings, cutting them off, as with a knife, from sight.

It was a depressing day and its grayness crept into the heart of sixteen-year-old Estelle Thompson as she stood at the window and dreamed of her beloved India, where skies were always blue, and where her heart had been always gay.

There were no fiery letters of hope on *her* wall to prophesy that some day the world would bow at her feet, and that, as Merle Oberon, she would be known in every hamlet and every town.

At that moment, she was only a forlorn little girl—hungry, vithout hope, homesick!

A ten-pound cannister of crackers, standing in a corner of her room, taunted her. She could hear the clanking of china and silver as waitresses passed her closed door with heavily laden trays of breakfast for the other guests in the house. The aroma of hot coffee made her nerves twitch. The fragrance of food made the gnawing in her stomach harder to bear. For her breakfast meant two crackers. *Two and no more.* There were not so many of them left, and after that . . .

In a way, it was amusing. Here she was, god-daughter of Lady Monteith, niece of a British Colonel, a girl descended from an eminent line of English officers and gentlemen, and yet, she was starving to death by degrees.

Her French, her Hindustani and Latin were not making it easier for her to find a job. Her meager diet was no help either, for a girl became desperately tired when crackers had been her sole food for weeks.

Perhaps some day she would think of this interlude and laugh about it. Remember the series of events which had led her to this situation, and believe the experience worthwhile. But at the moment she was hungry—frightfully hungry.

She had been so certain of herself when she had stowed away on the English-bound boat. London was her Mecca, and there she would find success and fortune and all the things she had dreamed of in the years past. Her Uncle was going off on a holiday. She had come to bid him *bon voyage.* He had kissed her and said, "It won't be long before I see you again," and she had answered, "No, it won't be long," hiding a smile.

Two hours off-shore, she had knocked on his stateroom door and announced that she was traveling to England with him. She had smuggled a few bags on board, and there was nothing to be done but to permit her to go along.

While her Uncle remained in England, Merle gave no thought to job-hunting, but she felt instinctively that here in this town lay her destiny.

When the Colonel's leave was at an end, he begged her to return to India with him. Pleaded that her mother's mind would not be at peace, knowing that Merle was in the city alone. But finally compromised with her by renting a room for her in a superior boarding house and paying the rent for three months. He gave her a return ticket home and twenty-five pounds. From then on, she must either swim to success or come home.

"In those first few days after his departure, I was overwhelmed by the excitement of being on my own. I suppose it was primarily due to that excitement—due to the novelty of thinking for myself, that I found myself hungry a few days later.

"On the second day of my new freedom, I went shopping. In addition to the twenty-five pounds I had a bit saved from my allowance. I felt as if I had all the money in the world.

"And so, one morning, I set forth very gayly to inspect London and its shops. As I passed a window I was suddenly arrested by the most glamorous coat I had ever seen. It was a black beauty, trimmed with silver fox. Enchanting beyond words! I went in and asked to try it on."

Merle strutted before the mirror, craned her neck to see it from every angle. Definitely it was the coat of a woman of the world. A sophisticated coat! A coat in which a sixteen-year-old could say she was twenty and get away with it.

"There was no recourse. I *had* to have that coat. I hesitated a bit when I discovered the price—twenty-two pounds—almost all I had. But I was confident I would have a job almost any moment. I was optimistic about my future. And so I bought it.

"As I trudged home, quite happy with my precious coat under my arm, I passed a bakery window and saw a huge canister of crackers—biscuits we call them in England—and almost without volition my feet turned in at the doorway and I bought those too.

"Perhaps unconsciously I realized that hunger was before me."

The little money Merle Oberon had left seemed to fade away. She did not realize how slippery money could be. One morning she had a pound and by evening she had nothing at all.

"In three days I didn't have a farthing," Merle tells today. "My cracker diet began. Stupid, I told myself, not to have coaxed my Uncle into paying my board too. At least I could have been certain of regular meals.

"Existing on crackers wasn't so bad that first day or even the next. I like crackers. That was a blessing."

But as one day followed another, as no job appeared, something of frozen horror clutched her heart.

Fortunately, she had met some of her Uncle's friends and every ten days or so they would invite her to dinner. And always before her engagement, she coached herself against overeating, against eating too hastily, for fear they might think her a glutton, or, worse, guess her desperate situation.

She knew nothing about theatrical agencies, nor the procedure a novice must follow to achieve attention. She could only hope that her hit-and-miss method of job-hunting would bring results.

One day she heard that a film company was holding an audition for players at the Cafe de Paris in London. She applied. Her name was taken and her address, but no definite verdict was given her.

But the manager of this impressive night club approached her and asked whether she would like to dance there. He set a day when other girls were coming, and at first she declined. And then he said casually, "Why don't you come in and talk it over and meet the girls anyway? Come in at tea-time and we'll all have tea together."

When the appointed afternoon arrived, Merle

20 Dangerous Days



was hungry enough to walk miles for tea and sandwiches and cakes. She came with little interest in the proffered job. But she ate with fervor and application and continuously—dozens of little sandwiches, and tiny cakes and gobs of tea.

For the first time in days she had that comfortable full feeling around her middle. For the first time she was warm!

When the manager again talked to her of a job he pointed out that it was a fairly good wage—five pounds a week and dinner.

"It wasn't so much the money he offered, but the idea of having dinner assured each and every night—of never knowing hunger again—that appealed to me as nothing else could have."

She could really write glowing letters to her mother now and tell her that she was well and happy. For weeks even notes had been difficult to write, for she had had to lie in every sentence. And hold her tears in check for fear they might mar the note paper.

Dinner! Yes, she would work. Of course, she would come and be a dancing girl.

And there is an epilogue to this story. It revolves around that be-furred coat which put Merle Oberon on a starvation diet for weeks. She wore it and was noticed and admired in it. And so it served a purpose! But to her it stood for weeks of hunger pangs.

Her desperate days were at last at an end. She was working, meeting people who gave her entree into the film studios, where her ambitions lay. At last she was beginning to realize her first dreams—to be in a position where she could give her mother all the luxuries Mrs. Thompson had missed since her husband's death.

For two years Merle worked obscurely in films, playing bits or perhaps only atmosphere.

Then her big chance came! Alexander Korda and his wife were having luncheon at the British and Dominion Studio restaurant, and nearby sat Merle Oberon. Korda's wife pointed at her and said, "That is the most striking face I have ever seen."

Two months later Korda sent for Merle Oberon and cast her in *Wedding Rehearsal.* Later came leads in *Men of Tomorrow* and then she was cast as Anne Boleyn with Charles Laughton in *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*

Hollywood discovered her. And from then on her climb to fame is history. Today with Goldwyn's production *These Three* she has become one of the outstanding stars of motion pictures.

Hunger is forever behind her!

Hollywood's "NO" Girl

Independent, fearless and individual, Gloria Stuart has coined an unusual philosophy which is carrying her to stardom

by

John L. Haddon



YOU'VE all read the story, time and again, of the girl Who-Knew-What-She-Wanted—and became Joan Crawford! or Katharine Hepburn! or any one of a dozen other movie stars you know . . .

Those stories are true enough, and fine, too. They prove that a serious one-mindedness, plus determination, plus courage can bring a girl to the fulfilment of her dreams, as those qualities really did bring Joan and Katie and the others to theirs. They had that goal since childhood, and so intense was their determination to Have-What-They-Wanted that they fought through, and got it.

BUT—

—there's another story in Hollywood. And this is it—this is the story of the girl *Who-Knew-What-She-DIDN'T-Want!* —and became Gloria Stuart.

And it's just as thrilling, just as fine, just as exciting as the story of those stars who fought for what they wanted, and gained it. Because Gloria Stuart was just as courageous, just as determined, just as smart about what NOT to want. She fought just as hard against the injustice of having to take what she didn't want. And, like the others, she's come out on top.

And so here's her tale—the tale that'll show you young folk who know what you *don't want* and who think you shouldn't be forced to take it, that maybe you're quite right. . . .

It began in her childhood—Gloria's knowing what she didn't want. It began when she went to school, at four! She was so young that even the six-year-old girls thought she was a baby, and wanted her to play baby games.

But Gloria *didn't want* to play baby games. She gave the six-year-old girls a push in the tummy, and found some boys to play with. She became the Tomboy of Santa Monica (that's her home town) and the other girls stuck out their tongues at her, and envied her the fun she was having with the boys!

Then the school bosses ruled that all girls must wear uniforms. Gloria *didn't want* to. Here was her first rebellion against mediocrity—a rebellion that has been waged unceasingly through the rest of her life, and the rebellion that has brought her to the un-mediocrity she now glories in. She *didn't want* to wear the school uniform—and after all sorts of hullabaloo, she got away with it! By some manner of special dispensation, Gloria was the one girl [*Continued on page* 82]

Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman have made their marriage one of the happiest in all Hollywood



Laughs on the Cobb



Irvin S. Cobb, famous humorist, came to Hollywood to write for the screen and—thanks to his pal Will Rogers—stayed to act. He will be starred in a series of comedy-dramas by Twentieth Century-Fox

Meet the screen's homeliest—and kindliest—and best-loved star who complains about his Thespian estate and loves it

by Harry Lang

ONCE upon a time, in New York's Central Park Zoo, I saw a hippopotamus with a toothache. They were going to pull the aching tooth next day, the keeper told me. But in the meantime, the hippopotamus was feeling bad—very, very bad. And as I beheld the shuddersome depths of misery in that hippopotamus' countenance, I believed that never, never again in this world or any other, would I see as doleful a puss . . . !

But wrong was I. Ah, how wrong. For I had not reckoned with Irvin Cobb. I have just lunched with Irvin Cobb—America's best humorist (and by his own boast, America's worst movie actor!)—and I want to go on record right here as saying that compared with Cobb's lugubrious physiognomy, that hippopotamus' pan was as joyful as Shirley Temple's.

On what Mr. Cobb affectionately terms his face, there was an expression of profound woe. At any moment, I expected to see a tear roll down that cheek of his and plop into the middle of the mountain of ravioli before him. It didn't. It fell with a lovely splash into his glass of beer, instead.

"Oh," he moaned, at last, "I am so low. I have sunk to my lowest estate. I have reached the bottom of the ladder! I have become, after a blameless life in every other respect, a *movie actor*. Ah, woe is me . . . !

"But what," I asked, "would you rather be?"

He turned ponderously around on the bench of the cafe where we were lunching, and pointed at little Jane Withers, lunching with her ma in the next booth. "See her?" he asked me. I said I did. "I'd rather," he pronounced, "be Jane Withers' tapeworm!"

Then he fell upon the ravioli. If there's anything Mr. Cobb apparently likes very much, it's eating. In the zest of crunching each little ravioli, he brightened considerably. I pried into the depths of his ache, seeking the reason for his woe. Finally, between ravioli, he gave out the truth.

"Today," he confessed, "Jane Withers will throw tomatoes into my eye!" It appeared the afternoon's takes were to show him being socked in the optic with a moribund tomato, flung by Jane. As a matter of fact, a baseball pitcher with excellent aim and magnificent speed had been retained to throw the tomato from out of camera range so it would properly impinge upon the Cobbean organ.

"And when I came to Hollywood," he moaned, bathing a ravioli in beer, "they told me acting was quite dignified, now. Bah—seven more bahs! A custard pie in the face is still the highest form of Art in movies!"

By now, the ravioli was gone, and Mr. Cobb was attacking a cantaloupe half. He washed that down with beer, too. "When this picture is over," he went on, "I'm going away. I'm going off to the desert, where no producers can ever find me, and I'm going to fight back for my self-respect. I'm going to finish a couple of books I'm writing. [*Continued on page* 80]

The Good Earth

A preview of scenes from one of the most daring film experiments ever attempted in screen history



ONE of the greatest location tasks ever attempted by Hollywood is now nearing completion in the nearby foothills, where five hundred acres of rolling terrain have been transformed into a replica of the densely populated farm areas of North China, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The Good Earth*, which will co-star Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. Hundreds of Chinese live on the farms, in the villages, in the walled cities.

The day's work begins at five in the morning, when the production manager arrives at the location, checks his weather instruments, and decides whether or not the sun will shine. If he so decides, he notifies the studio.

A crew of make-up experts board cars, with their materials, and start for the location. The casting office notifies the players. The studio school is also notified, so that teachers may be sent out for the children.

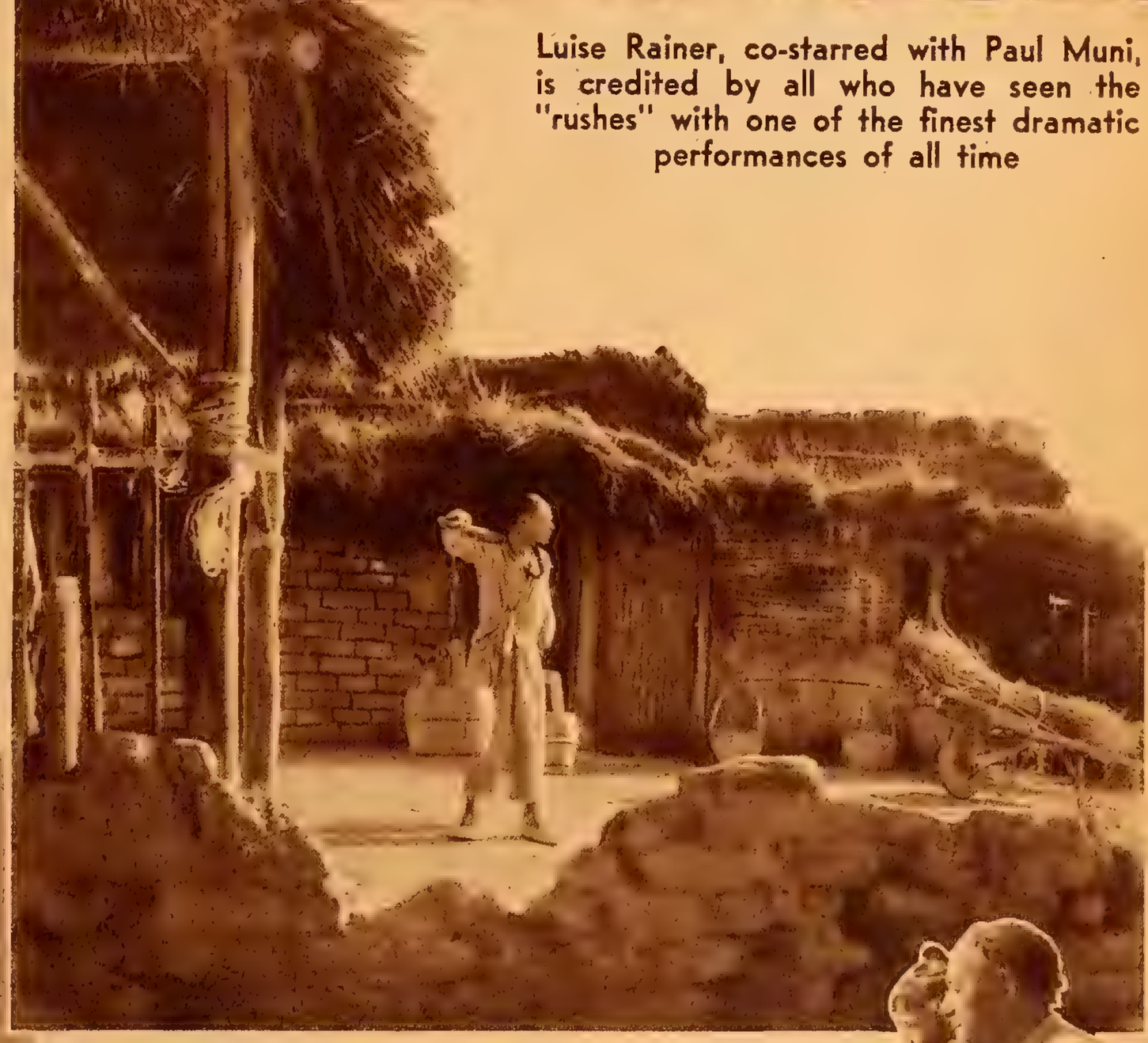
Shortly after seven o'clock, great busses begin unloading extras, Orientals, who file past the tables where make-up artists work, affixing queues and other accessories. Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, with the rest of the principals, arrive shortly before eight, to be made up in their dressing rooms, built on the set. Cameraman Karl Freund and his crew are meantime setting up their cameras, the necessary properties are assembled, and Director Sidney Franklin checks the details. At nine sharp players, director and cameras are ready for the day's work.

The location represents a Chinese countryside. The hills are terraced and planted, in authentic Chinese farm fashion. Patches of onions, leeks, cabbage, mustard, Chinese greens, cauliflower, water chestnut, acres of wheat and millet, are planted. The work was supervised by Yee On, a practical Chinese farmer, the actual growing having been started weeks and months ago.

Chinese houses dot the landscape; thatched homes representing those of Wang Lung, the farmer, played by Muni, and his wife, O Lan, [*Continued on page* 88]

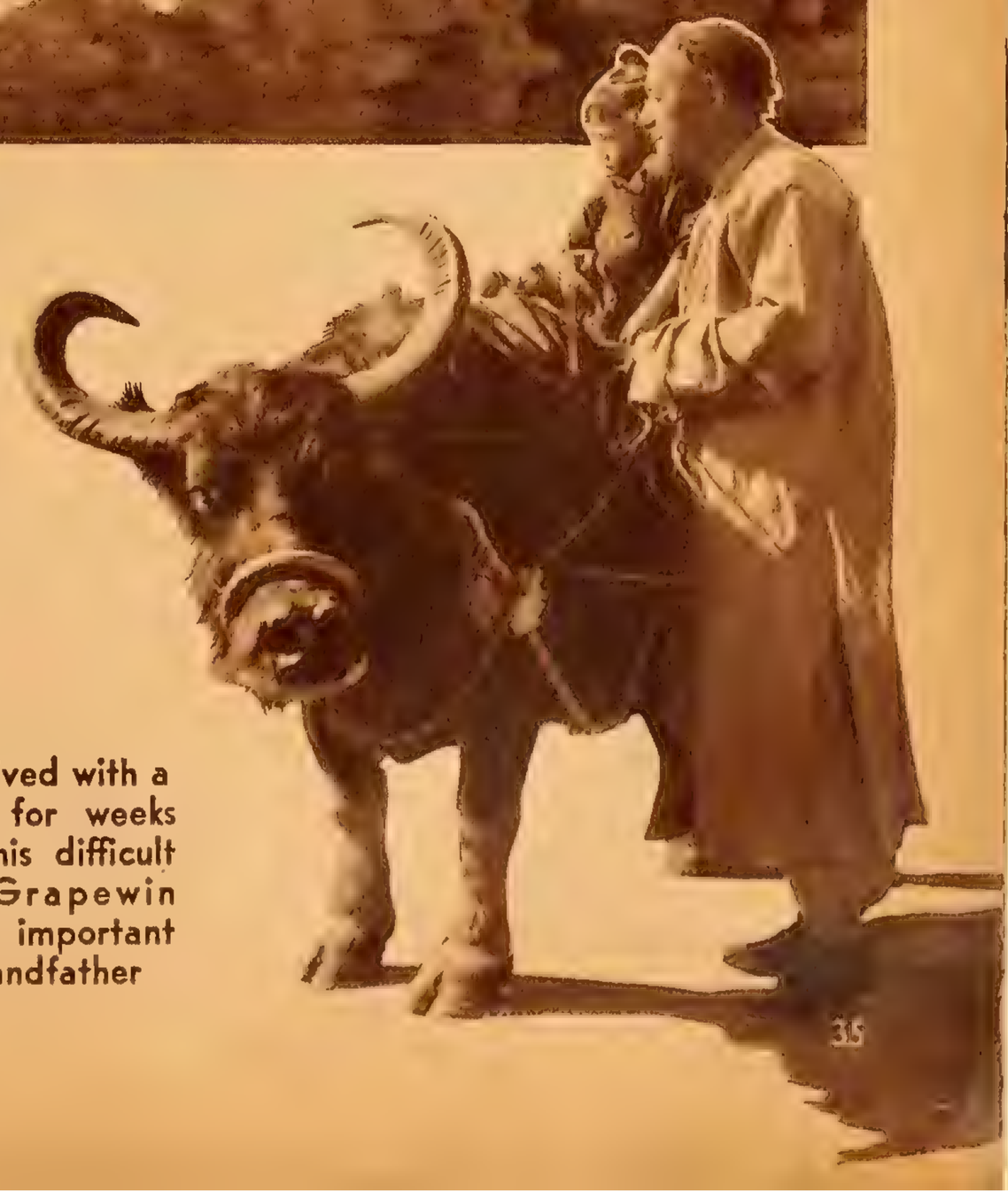


Luise Rainer, co-starred with Paul Muni, is credited by all who have seen the "rushes" with one of the finest dramatic performances of all time



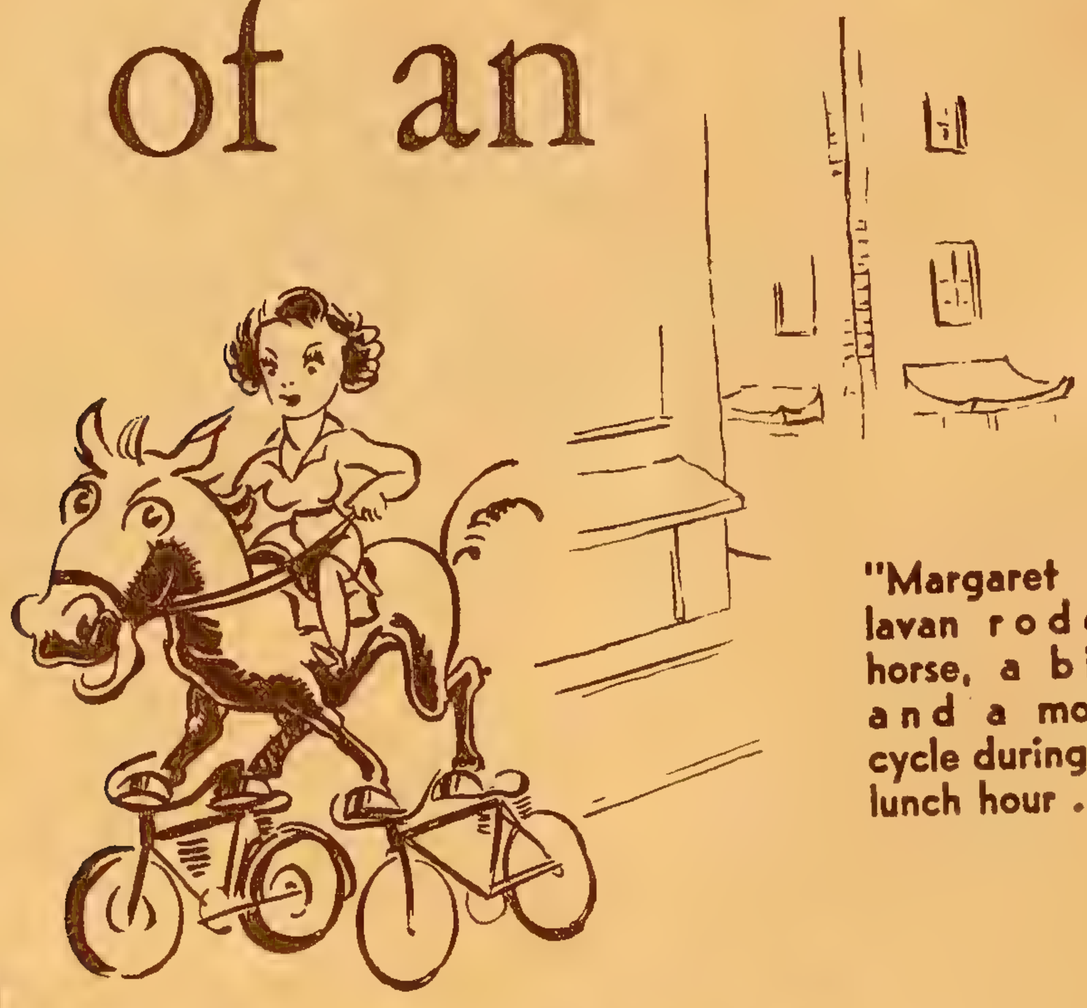


Thousands of dollars were spent to import authentic properties from the province of Ho-nan, in China, during the four years spent in preparation work



Paul Muni (left) lived with a Chinese family for weeks while studying his difficult rôle. Charles Grapewin (right) plays the important rôle of the grandfather

Adventures of an Extra Girl



"Margaret Sullavan rode a horse, a bike and a motorcycle during her lunch hour . . ."



A scene from The Their lot is hard,



Sometimes amusing—sometimes dramatic—but always interesting are the experiences of the unknowns who work on Hollywood's motion picture sets

ON A movie set an extra holds about the same position as a spear-carrier in a show, or the wen on your Aunt Susie's nose—it's there, and the less said about it the better! We're a necessary evil—and that's about the best that can be said for us.

I'm an extra and I ought to know!

But in spite of the fact that nobody loves us, we're an essential part of most pictures. Who else would be shoved all over the place in mob scenes? You guessed it! The extra is the only specimen known to take such punishment. Of course we're not always right. We make our mistakes too! Like the time in one of De Mille's super-spectacles when thousands of extras were battering at the walls of Paris. In the "rushes" next day it was discovered that three of the wild revolutionaries were storming the gates of Paris with all-day suckers in their mouths! De Mille didn't like that. But after all, we're only human! We have to have a *little* diversion.

That's one grand thing about Jean Harlow's pictures—we like to work with her. She's gay and friendly and keeps the sets humming. She has a phonograph with her and the minute the director yells, "Cut!" the victrola starts—with all the latest jazz. It keeps her in the mood—and as a result, keeps everybody else in the mood too.

You see, like chameleons, we take on the color of our surroundings. I've been on sets with a star who resented each tiny noise—and after awhile you could actually *hear* the quiet! Everybody tiptoes around; a whisper brings you dirty looks and a laugh brings an army of second assistant directors on your neck. By five o'clock you're so down that nothing matters any more; and when you go home you startle your family by sneaking around the house and whispering to yourself. It

by
Virginia
Odeon



"Sometimes the boys try to make dates with me but I don't encourage them . . ."



Lost Horizon, on which thousands of extras worked for weeks. but their work is interesting. At left: Virginia Odeon, the author



The dancing girls get a break in *Cain and Mabel,* co-starring Marion Davies and Clark Gable. Dancers are paid more than the average extra

takes two good hours to come out of it. They're not all like that, thank heavens!

When we're on a set with Alan Mowbray we settle down to a good show—and nobody could have a more appreciative audience! We're *so* easy to please, bless our hearts! Alan clowns from morning until night; he has a grand sense of humor and keeps everybody amused. Only once have I seen him quiet—and then he didn't feel well! Whereupon he called for some bicarbonate of soda. As soon as he had downed it the director (much to his own surprise and chagrin)—burped! That's one up for the power of suggestion. Of course we nearly fell off our seats at that! The director didn't like it.

Usually on sets I don't get too well-acquainted with other extras. They get pesty and don't get a girl anywhere. I know what their pay-check is and I know they may not work again for two weeks—so what's the percentage? I take my books seriously and when Anita Loos writes that a "kiss on the wrist is nice but an emerald bracelet lasts longer," I believe her.

One boy, however, tried very hard to start a conversation. I shudder now to think what I nearly missed. It was like this: we were placed side by side in a court-room scene and there we sat all day. I buried my face in a book and that was that. The next day we were called back and he started the conversation in such an original manner that I replied before I thought. He said, "It's a hot day, ain't it?"

I said, "Is it? I thought it was cold!"

Well, one thing led to another (you know how it will!) and he told me that, coming from N'Yawk the weather here seemed "poifect." I couldn't imagine why a boy like that would try the movies and upon inquiry he said, "George Raft's bodyguard got me in."

I said, "You mean Mack Gray?" [*Continued on page 78*]



Lionel, the eldest of the three Barrymores, has a warm heart. He calls brother John "The Kid"

They're synonymous with "The Theatre" corner of the land . . . . other actors envy



Those Barrymore

FROM infancy on, I heard about "The Barrymore Tradition." Along with *Mother Goose* and the *Katzenjammer Kids* and *Horatio At The Bridge* and *Alice In Wonderland* and the *Midnight Ride of Paul Revere,* there were woven frequent allusions to the Barrymore Tradition. Tales of Grandmother Louisa Drew and daughter, Georgie Drew Barrymore. Tales of Maurice Barrymore and John Drew. Later tales of Lionel, Ethel and John. Until the Barrymore Tradition became a part of the American tradition to me, folklore as fabled and fantastic as the tales of the brothers Grimm.

The very mention of the name of Barrymore conjured up—and still conjures up—The Theatre, mysterious and glamorous. They *were* the Theatre, the Barrymores. They were, and they are, what you mean when you say, *The Theatre.*

I remember hearing my father tell amusing tales of Maurice, father of Lionel, Ethel and John. How once, while Maurice was the great matinee idol of London and John was at school in England he was required, always, when he came up to the city to visit his father, to travel third-class. John didn't understand this. He resented it. And on one such occasion he said hotly to his father, "How is it that while all of my friends, sons of fathers of whom no one has ever heard, travel first or second *I,* the son of the great Maurice Barrymore, have to travel third?" Whereupon the superb Maurice drew his dramatic brows together and responded deeply, "You travel third, my son, because there is no *fourth!*"

Such stories as that.

People went about intoning "That's all there is—there isn't anymore . . ." in the sombre, throatily thrilling cadences of Ethel.

The first serious epidemic of fan fever broke out over the profile of John, matinee idol extraordinary. It was the profile of John which really paved the way down which the fans have travelled bearing frankincense and myrrh to the Valentinos, Gables, Coopers, et al. Girls wrote fervid love letters to that profile. Girls and women framed that perfect profile and hung it in their boudoirs. There are Ariels now as there were Ariels then. . . .

But I never knew exactly what the Barrymore Tradition really meant. I thought there might, perhaps, have been a murder in the archives of their ancestry. Or perhaps a bar sinister upon the 'scutcheon. And so, now, many years later I have endeavored to find the explanation of The Barrymore Tradition by the simple and direct expedient of asking Lionel and John themselves.

We talked on the set of *The Devil Doll,* Lionel, John and I. We sat on the side-lines talking between Lionel's scenes,

. . . . their sayings are passed along until they echo in every them and pay them deference . . . . they themselves are traditions



by Gladys Hall

And here is the Barrymore clan assembled in full force when Ethel joined her brothers in Hollywood several years ago to film *Rasputin*. They are, from left to right: John Barrymore Colt, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Lionel, Ethel (Mrs. Colt), Ethel Barrymore Colt, Dolores Costello Barrymore, little Ethel Dolores Barrymore, John, baby John Blythe Barrymore and Samuel Colt

Traditions

watching Rafaelo Ottiani do macabre things in an eerie laboratory. Strange retorts and vials gave forth strange gasses and abnormal colors. The wizardry and necromancy of the Theatre were there. It was a fit background for a Barrymore.

And I said to Lionel and John, "What *is* 'The Barrymore Tradition?' It's about time one of the Barrymores explained it to us. Three generations, at least, have wondered. . . ."

[*Continued on page* 56]



John Barrymore's famous profile, glimpsed at its best in the ten-year-old photo at the right, made him the idol of feminine fans. Now in his fifties, he plans to wed Elaine Barrie soon. Below he is glimpsed with his fiancée and her mother



Nelson Eddy's Rescue Mission

IN THE Boweries, and the Bronx's and the Chinatowns of most large cities, there have sprung up what are known as Rescue Missions—places where dejected souls can join together, in song mostly, and find a lift for their hearts. Some of these Rescue Missions are broadcast so that millions, rather than hundreds, may be reached.

Nelson Eddy, in his own way, runs just such a Rescue Mission, only you won't find it listed in any radio log, or sign-posted in any way. Nor will you find him even talking about it. But it exists just the same, as a few of those he has helped are eager to testify. The people who come to him are singers mostly, not necessarily looking for financial help, but singing help—the kind of personal help which involves time, interest and work, all of which Nelson Eddy gives generously.

There is the story of John Carroll, as he told it to me himself. About a year ago when John was under contract to RKO he was assigned to a singing rôle in *Hi Gaucho* and given a song which was a typical Nelson Eddy song—a rousing, robust baritone number. John worked on the song for several days but was terribly discouraged. He could get nowhere with it. Yet it was his big chance. For months he had been begging for a singing rôle instead of the dramatic "villain" parts which had been handed him, and now that he had his chance he was filled with the fear of flopping. If only Nelson Eddy would show him how the song should be sung. But at that point it never occurred to him that Nelson would do such a thing. Nelson Eddy of sudden *Naughty Marietta* fame would be too busy, too important, and too inaccessible.

But then he met a friend of Nelson's, told him his plight, and the friend said: "You don't know Nelson. He's always doing things like that. Just give him a ring. No! You don't need to be introduced . . . here's his number."

Unbelieving, but desperate, John did call him. "Surely," said Nelson. "I'd be glad to. What are you doing now? I have about an hour."

They wasted no time in getting down to work. Nelson studied the song silently for a few minutes, pacing up and down, beating out the rhythm with his hand. "It's a good number . . . you can make a hit with this," was his immediate judgment. And then his voice boomed forth, and, as he sang, he penciled the phrasing and the breathing on the score. In five minutes, they were singing it together. In ten, John was singing it alone, and with a confidence he had not felt before. As he said, in telling me about it: "For some strange reason I felt right at home with him, not like a novice at all. He wasn't the least bit patronizing You can't help admiring a fellow like that. A funny thing, though . . . the minute I got home, I slumped right back again. But because he had been so swell and so understanding I didn't hesitate in phoning him a second time, and telling him frankly that I still wasn't right. 'All right,' he said, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a home recording of it for you and send it over. You can work from that.' It's hard to tell you how much that meant to me. Thanks to him, they were quite pleased with the way I did the song at RKO. And if it hadn't been for Nelson I don't believe I could ever have gotten away with it. Nelson helped me find a new teacher too, and now, thanks to him, my singing is the paramount interest in my life."

More dramatic is the story of a girl who asks to be nameless. More dramatic and more Nelson-revealing too, because in this case it was Nelson who went to her. During his winter concert tour in a middle-western city he found time to stop in at the local opera house to see a performance of *Carmen,* with one of the town's local girls making her début in the leading rôle. Nelson arrived in time to hear her take a flat high note, and to hear the audience groan in appreciation. It was pitiful. The girl was obviously nervous and frightened, and the audience wasn't helping her any. *Polite* applause which is worse than none at all, at the end of the aria. Nelson was suddenly incensed, for as he listened he recognized that the girl did have a lovely voice, clear and rich, though nerve-wracked. She didn't know how to use it, that was all. A natural voice, badly and over-trained. Overcome with sympathy, he decided to sit through to the end. Scene by scene, he watched her grow more pale and even less sure of herself. Once he thought she was going to faint. She was young and slender, and the strain of such a dramatic rôle was too much for her. At the final curtain he left his seat hurriedly and started backstage. But he was recognized and mobbed and, as usual, had to stop for autographs. When finally he did get through the girl had gone. "She beat it outa here like a house afire, in her costume and everything," an electrician told him. "And she was crying."

NELSON got her name and address, hailed a taxi, and followed her. He had just forty minutes until train time. He found the house dark except for a light in an upstairs window. Quickly he surmised that the family was still at the opera looking for the daughter. He remembered his own periods of despair and how little he wanted to talk to anyone at those times, so, using a ruse, he rang the bell and called out, "Western Union!"

In a few minutes she came down. Quickly he tried to explain, and inveigled her out to the porch. He didn't tell her his name and in the darkness she didn't recognize him, but he did say that he had heard her, and that he knew as well as she did that she had made a poor showing. "But that doesn't mean anything," he added enthusiastically. "I think you have a beautiful voice, and I've studied a lot myself, and I should know. But I do have a suggestion. Get out this town as soon as you can and start in again somewhere else. For if you're as sensitive as I think you are, you'll have a hard time living down tonight—w i t h i n yourself, I mean."

Suddenly the girl was sobbing. Completely unnerved emotionally, she was telling this stranger that she was never going to sing again. That there wasn't any use . . . that there wasn't any use in *anything*. That she was hopeless, study was hopeless, life was hopeless. Nelson listened for a while and then gently he told her about lots of singers he had known, one particularly—a man—who had once felt just as she felt now. A man who had gone

Nelson Eddy won't like this story—for he tries to conceal his generosities. But many a young singer has reason to acknowledge his advice and helping hand



by
Katharine Hartley

But then, as he started to illustrate the exercises for her, and she heard his voice, she knew there could be no doubt. "Nelson Eddy! It was *you* you were talking about . . .!" Holding a long note, Nelson said, on tune, "Yes, but don't let's waste time talking about that . . . have to go pretty soon!" Then he took a breath: "See, this is the way you do it, controlling the breath, so no one will even guess you are out of it. Now, come, you try it with me. No, don't open your mouth so far . . ." (her mouth had been agape in amazement) "Like this!" Startled and bewildered, the girl nevertheless mimicked him. Ten minutes later, as the family was driving up, Nelson was driving away, calling out over his shoulder: "If you come out to Hollywood come and see me. I expect you to be famous someday!"

The girl is in Hollywood now, or I might never have heard her story. She is studying as she has never studied before, and *hoping* as she has never hoped before, and once every week or so she goes to Nelson's to report her progress. She is just one of many in whom Nelson has instilled the *will* to sing!

But, lest you think that Nelson's rescue mission is just a gesture, easily made by one who has arrived, and can afford to be generous, there is the time he helped Joan Marsh, two and a half years ago, before he became famous, and before Joan ever dreamed of becoming a professional singer on a radio program as she is today. They met at a dinner party one evening and Joan happened to mention that she was giving an audition the next day, her first, and that she was "scared to death." During the early part of the evening no further reference was made to the audition but when Joan started to leave with the other guests, Nelson asked her to stay and sing. "You don't want to hear *me* sing," she said quickly. "I don't really have a *voice* . . . I only sing popular things. But maybe you *could* help me pick some numbers! My audition's at three, and I still haven't decided on anything."

That was eleven in the evening. At one in the morning they were still working at the piano. They went over Joan's entire repertoire, discarding this and then that, until they had selected the three songs which were the most showy, and the best suited to her voice. The next day Joan phoned him to say that, because of his help, the audition had gone over successfully. After that, for a while, she consulted him on many of the numbers that she sang. And when she later made an extensive personal appearance tour, all of her most successful number were those which Nelson Eddy had chosen for her. [*Continued on page 74*]

desperately from one singing teacher to another and who, after fifteen years of plugging and discouragement, had only begun to realize any success. How for years he had been singing wrong, getting anything *but* the best out of his voice. How, time and again, he had been advised to "give it up."

Then, getting down to practicalities, Nelson told her how he thought she could improve her singing. He said he wanted to give her some breathing and vocalizing exercises he had worked out for himself, and she led him in to the piano. In the light she stared at him, aghast, in recognition. It couldn't be true.

Joan Blondell's

Cheap vaudeville houses . . . overnight jumps in a rickety car . . . starvation days in New York's tenements . . . all that and more Joan went through on her climb to fame and fortune

by

Whitney Williams

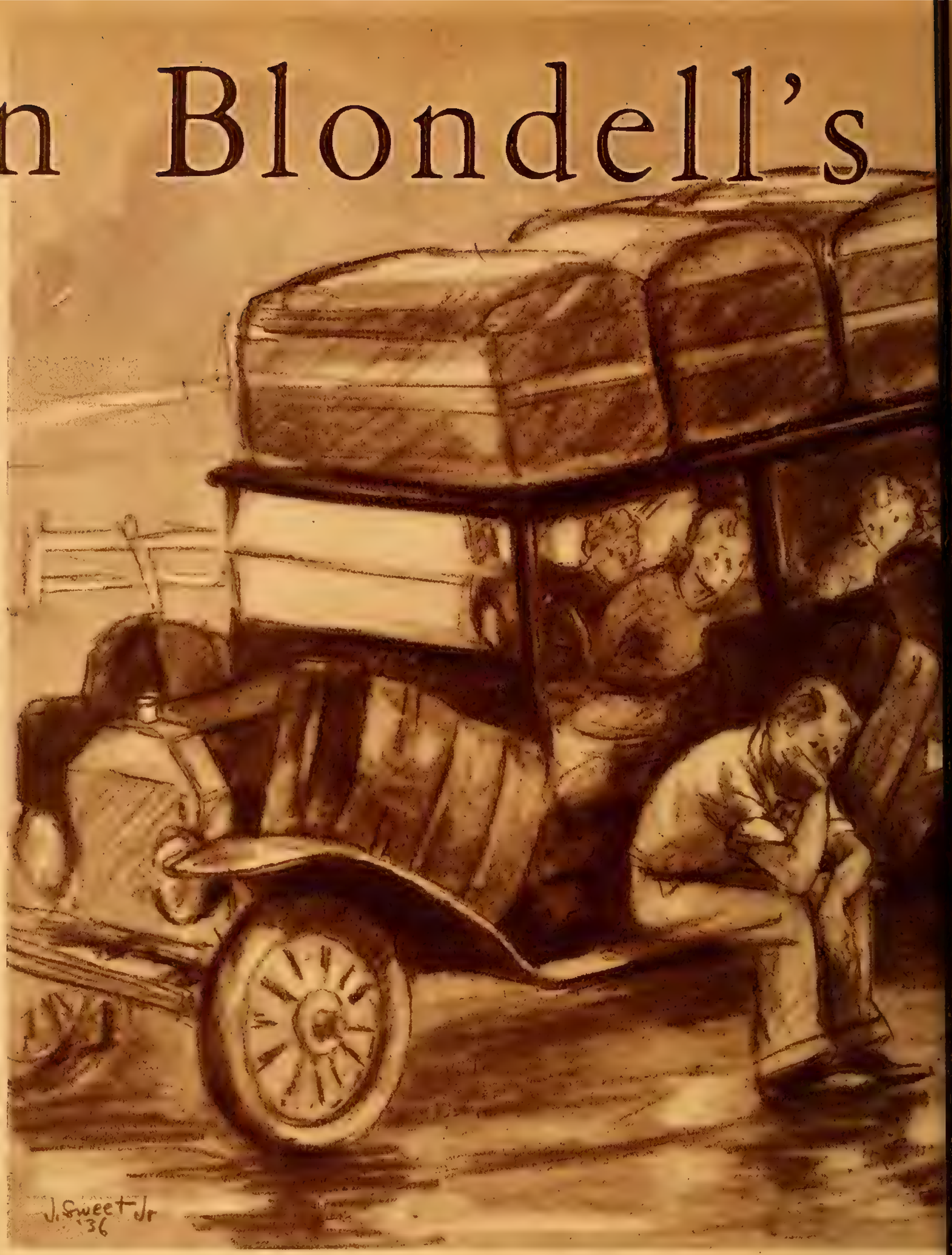


Illustration by J. Sweet, Jr.

JOAN BLONDELL is one of the reigning favorites on the screen today. Famous, wealthy in this world's goods and as topping a trouper as you can find on any studio lot in Hollywood, her niche on the scale of success seems to be permanent.

All of which leads to this point: I can't help but wonder, knowing her history as I do, just how many people —even those stage-struck the hardest —would have the guts, and I mean exactly that, to go through what Joan has endured in reaching the top!

Joan has encountered no particularly trying circumstances since coming to pictures. The majority of her rôles on the screen have been prominent ones. Even her début to film audiences was made as a featured player. But she has, nevertheless, known a succession of bad breaks and hard raps that would discourage and lay low even the hardiest optimist.

What I refer to goes back way beyond her trekking out to Hollywood from the New York stage. Those years leading up to her great break in *Maggie the Magnificent,* one of George Kelly's better-known stage plays. Those days like the ones when the entire Blondell brood—father, mother, Joan, brother and sister—made four and five appearances daily in cheaper than cheap vaudeville houses, pocketed their five or six dollars for the act, then drove all night in a rickety model-T Ford to the next town for the following day's performances.

I repeat . . . just how many of you could take what Joan Blondell has had to suffer in getting where she is today?

What made those days of adversity even harder to bear were recollections of her earlier life. Her father, Eddie Blondell, for twenty years, was a big-time vaudeville headliner, and his family not only travelled with him but appeared in the act as well. By the time Joan was able to walk out on the stage, she, too, was playing a part.

There was no depression, no talk of the wolf, then. Tiny fur coats, the most expensive dolls and suites in the best hotels were her lot from earliest childhood, as the Blondell family travelled in luxury up and down the world. Up to the time of her seventh birthday, each natal anniversary was celebrated in a different country. Europe, Asia, Australia . . . Joan's played through-out them all. With the decline of vaudeville there came a change. When the bottom fell out of the variety stage, Blondell senior decided to retire for a time, and one fine day the family discovered itself in possession of a gown shop in Denton, Texas. This venture ended disastrously, and Blondell moved his family to Santa Monica, Calif., where they opened—of all things—a tearoom.

The same fate overtook this undertaking. Their savings had dwindled down to practically nothing. Only one thing remained for them . . . to return to the stage.

But salaries no longer soared in the altitudes Eddie Blondell always had known, and he refused to return to big-time vaudeville—what survived of it—for only a fraction of the figure he formerly had made. If he did that he would be classed forever, with no hope of ever climbing into the higher money brackets again.

Consequently, he made up his mind to work his way east, to New York, taking whatever cheap engagements he could find. This wouldn't affect his standing.

So, on another fine day, the Blondell tribe found themselves eastward-bound . . . in a thirty-seven dollar model-T Ford sedan, and with exactly sixty dollars as their total exchequer!

"No prairie schooner ever presented half the spectacle that

Covered Wagon Days



Joan Blondell has attained luxury and wealth and position but few people have ever had as rough a road to travel. She credits her early adversities for much of the rich philosophy which is hers today



our overburdened Ford made," Joan reminisced, as we chatted in her dressing room.

"We had three large theatrical trunks wired on top and bags and suitcases everywhere . . . on each running board, roped to the back, even between the fenders and the hood. Why, we couldn't open one of the doors. Whenever anybody wanted to get out of the car he had to climb out the driver's window. Even the other front window was blocked off because of the baggage piled against it from the outside." Memory of that occasion prompted a wide smile to creep over Joan's tanned face. She had just returned from a month at Palm Springs and the bloom of the desert touched her cheeks. How different from those other days . . .

"If you think it's easy to leave a car this way, just try it. Dad was fat and so was Mother, and even for us kids—I was sixteen or seventeen then—it offered somewhat of a feat.

"About every three miles, too, one of the tires would go flat and Dad would have to crawl out and fix it. After a few days of constantly stopping to repair one or more of the tires, he accused those of us in the back seat of being responsible for all the trouble. He said we laughed so hard that we shook the car and that, in turn, wrecked the tires. Imagine.

"We did most of our driving at night. During the day and evening we put on our act, and as soon as the last show was over we'd pile into the car and start for the next town. We had very little money, the five or six dollars received for the act having to go for gas and cheese and crackers. Once in a while, we'd splurge and buy a steak. Mother then would cook that on a little oil stave we carried with us. Many and many a time she cooked it while holding the stove in her lap in the back seat.

"That trip across country will always be a nightmare, although we did have fun at times despite all the hardships and privations we suffered. We got very little sleep, because we couldn't always afford a room, even in a cheap boarding house.

"I remember one rainy night somewhere in Texas, when we just had to find shelter. We tried a hotel and they wanted three dollars. We couldn't afford that, so we went down the street until I saw a sign, 'Beds, ten cents.'

" 'No family of mine will ever sleep in a place like that,' Dad spouted, nobly. 'Don't be an old silly,' I told him. So we went in.

"Have you ever been in a cheap flop house? Well,, this was just that. When we entered there was only one large room, with numerous and assorted snores [*Continued on page 72*]

Make Things Happen To *You*

Una Merkel, who proved what an "ugly duckling" can accomplish, offers sage advice to Miss Average Girl

by
Una Merkel



Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Average Girl--Everywhere:

I'VE always wished that I could write a letter that would reach every "average girl" somehow, by some means. All the girls I call "just girls." *Girls like me.* Now CLASSIC has given me my chance.

Sensationally beautiful girls, girls with brilliant, outstanding personalities, girls born with genius don't need letters from me nor from anyone else, for that matter. But average girls, everyday girls living everyday lives—girls who have no flaming, conspicuous talent, girls who are not breathlessly beautiful, all of you little Janes and Sues and Bettys living in small towns, perhaps, fearing that nothing very grand or glamorous will ever happen to you—well, I do think, kind of, that I have something to say to you.

Because I am such a girl. And I tell you that you can make things happen to you. I ought to know—because I did.

You don't have to sit back in your little home towns, or hide away in big cities, being meek little mice, nibbling at drab little experiences, watching other girls become famous actresses and artists, make romantic marriages, have things. You don't have to be front page beauties or geniuses or exceptions in order to have things happen.

There are some people, of course, to whom things just *do* happen. Without, apparently, any effort on their parts. They don't have to *make* things happen. *I* did. I mean, there is, occasionally, some young man like Robert Taylor, so extraordinarily handsome, so gifted, so endowed with *everything*, that he just becomes a star almost before he has had time to know what is happening to him. Or how it happened. There will be a Garbo, with a personality like a splendid sword, so



Meet one of the happiest family groups in these parts — Una Merkel, her aviation-engineer husband, Ronald Burla, and her parents. Hollywood, we'll have you know, is profoundly proud of Una

forceful, so unique in a world where most of us are pretty commonplace, that her personality carves its own predestined way.

Great beauties do seem to be their own reward, if you know what I mean. But don't let them discourage you. For I will say, confidentially, that their "rewards" do not seem to be as lasting as the rewards of girls like you and me, who haven't great beauty or great anything to work *for* us—but have to do all the work ourselves. I knew a great many sensationally beautiful girls when I was on the stage in New York. I don't even remember their names today. And neither does anyone else. I also knew Helen Hayes and—see what I mean?

Oh, I know what you may be thinking [*Continued on page* 66]

A Date With Romance

In this section, MOVIE CLASSIC presents to its feminine readers the art of makeup and the thrill of beautiful clothes



Lucille Ball, youthful RKO player, makes a date with romance in an oxford grey cape suit pin-striped in maroon and light grey. Feather trimming on the hat repeats the grey and maroon note

First the beauty shop, where magic is wrought—

Mel Berns enhances the natural beauty of Lucille Ball with skillful make-up

by
alison alden



LUCILLE BALL has a date with romance. But will romance nod and pass her by? Not if Mel Berns, maestro of make-up at RKO Studios, has a deft hand in the matter!

Demanding to be made irresistible just for tonight, Lucille offers as her contributions to beauty a flawless skin, lustrous gold hair and large blue eyes. Mel Berns offers an artistry in make-up that has changed many a merely attractive girl into a vision of enchantment. His magic is wrought not with mirrors, in the Hollywood tradition, but with brushes.

There's nothing like a good foundation for either romance or beauty and Lucille's face is first treated to a layer of foundation cream (1) lightly applied.

Eyebrows take form, penciled in with a series of short light strokes (not the single shiny line with which so many err) and extended gracefully at the ends. Berns does the penciling but Lucille offers this bit of wisdom, "Never pencil the brows in a down curve at the corners. It makes the face appear to droop."

Eyeshadow is applied with a brush (2) and blended out to nothingness near the brows with patting movements of the thumb. "A shadow always recedes that part of the face to which it is applied," Berns explains, "therefore the lid is shaded to bring the eye forward." [*Continued on page 75*]

Then—



Lucille decked out in an evening coat of white metal brocade looks exciting enough for any romantic adventure

2.



3.

Lucille is stunning in a black velvet evening coat lined with turquoise satin and a velvet hat trimmed with coque feathers

by sally martin

SINCE the beginning of time, romance—"a dreamy, imaginative habit of mind"—has been the ultimate, the one want in life that all women, young or old, have had in common.

That one glorious adventure makes many demands among them, with constant planning of clothes and meticulous grooming of appearance. This, of all delectable experiences, must not catch us unawares.

Lucille Ball, young RKO player, has a date with romance. Lucille is the personification of young womanhood for she has charm, personality, figure and the instinctive ability to wear clothes. As Bernard Newman, Hollywood's ace designer says, "Lucille has the potentialities of another Lilyan Tashman." To a girl who is clothes conscious and remembers the Tashman flare for wearing ultra-chic creations, Newman's remark would be sufficient to place Lucille at the head of Hollywood's smartly dressed list of screen stars.

Lucille is an average girl living on an average income. She is not a star with a fabulous salary and must therefore plan her wardrobe as carefully as you or I.

Goethe once said, "He who is of his own time, [*Continued on page 75*]



For the formal date, Lucille Ball wears a full black chiffon gown

1.

the costumers for a ravishing selection of gowns

Revealing the colorful life story of a great new star

PEOPLE are always asking me what tendencies toward acting Robert Taylor showed as a child. As I look back now, I remember that he used to mimic Charlie Chaplin—the shuffle, the sniffle, everything. If we had ever thought that he might some day be an actor, I suppose we would have suspected that he would be a comedian.

We had been told, many times, that he would be an actor—but we never took the prophecy seriously. It seemed to us that all children were talented mimics. A Mr. Dempster, who was head of a big manufacturing company, urged the doctor and me to educate Robert in dramatics. He always predicted, "Some day that boy of yours will be a big movie star!" I wish he could have lived to see his prediction come true. . . .

Our minister, too, often said that Bob would be outstanding in some way with his voice. All of which flattered us, but we did not try to develop Bob in any one direction. We intended to let *him* decide what he would like to be.

Meanwhile, like most of the other boys in Beatrice, Nebraska, Bob played ball, although he never landed on any team. He went swimming in Riverside Park and the "Y." He rode horseback and went for long bicycle rides and played tennis. He did not seem to worry much about his future, himself.

One time, when he was about eleven or twelve, he came to me and asked, "Mother, *what* will I be when I get to be a man?"

I told him, "Opportunity will lead you. Men don't decide, as a rule, what they will be. Circumstances decide for them."



Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford in a scene from *The Gorgeous*

Fate ~ Fame ~ and


1


2

Pages from the photo album of Mrs. Ruth Brugh: (1) Spengler Arlington Brugh, now known as Robert Taylor, at the age of three; (2) the future Robert Taylor posed for this portrait when he was ten months old; (3) a class portrait taken while he was a student at Doane College; (4) "The Three Harmony Boys," stellar attraction for Radio Station KMMJ, at Clay Center, Nebraska



Hussy, a romantic drama of the early nineteenth century

And I think that lingered in his mind.

People are always asking me about his school-day romances—as if they were important. I guess that he had his "crushes" on girls, but he never was much of a hand to tell about it. The only girl I ever knew for sure that he was excited about was a little girl named Helen Rush. For a long time, just before he went into high school, she was "the most wonderful girl in the world." If there were any others who had the same effect on him, he was very quiet about it.

I am continually asked, too, if he was popular as a boy. The doctor and I used to wonder if he was not *too* popular for his own good—but he never seemed to become cocky or conceited about it. And the older he grew, the more popular he became—maybe because he never did become spoiled by all the attention he received. I have no worries about his movie popularity changing him. He is too sensible.

Whenever there was some entertainment at the theatre in Beatrice, he was always invited to play in the orchestra. He played in church, too, and was paid for his work. For a time, he also sang in the choir. Every time there was a fashion show, or some other public function, he was asked to be master of ceremonies. He was the president of his class all the way through school. He was always the leading man in the school plays. One, I remember, was *Nothing But the Truth.*

He enjoyed the acting, but not any more than he enjoyed being a master of ceremonies or playing the 'cello or entering oratory contests. He was constantly entering oratorical contests and musical contests, and constantly winning them. I remember that he came out first in one musical contest by playing *The Swan.* He won a ten-day trip to Detroit, with one oration that he gave. He wrote his orations himself, [*Continued on page* 64]

Robert Taylor

by his mother Mrs. Ruth Brugh

As told to
James Reid







The Show Window

Presenting frank reviews of the latest screen offerings

by Eric Ergenbright



Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in the title rôles of *Romeo and Juliet*, one of the most magnificent productions ever filmed. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg attend the press preview



ROMEO AND JULIET highlights the new film offerings of the month. Produced with a complete disregard of cost, liberally besprinkled with great star names, bedecked with sets and costumes so authentic that Fifteenth Century Italy seems as real as Times Square, photographed and recorded with consummate artistry, it is, beyond a doubt, one of the most magnificent productions ever screened. It is also one of the most daring and one of the most progressive experiments ever attempted by a Hollywood studio.

Norma Shearer, as Juliet, gives not only the greatest performance of her career but one of the outstanding dramatic performances of screen history. She had always wanted to play the role and it is a fact that for nearly one year before production work was started, she lived in virtual seclusion, studying constantly. The result more than justifies her effort.

Leslie Howard, as Romeo, seems to this reviewer to be slightly miscast—yet there can be no denying that his performance is a finished, thought-out piece of art. Basil [Continued on page 52]

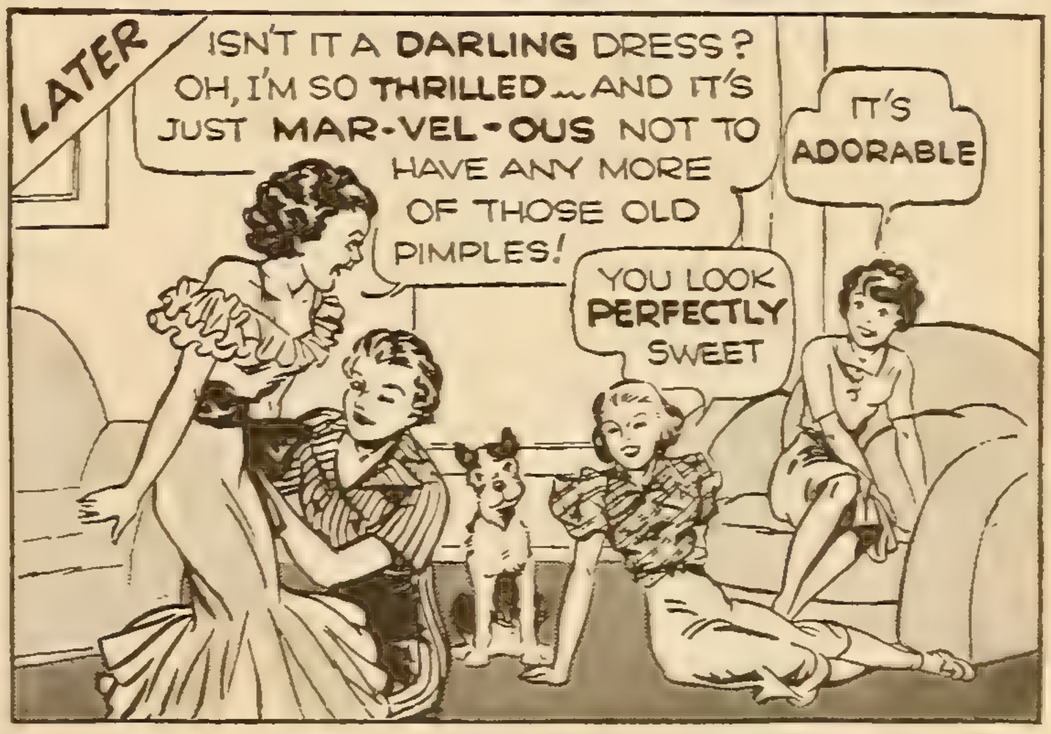


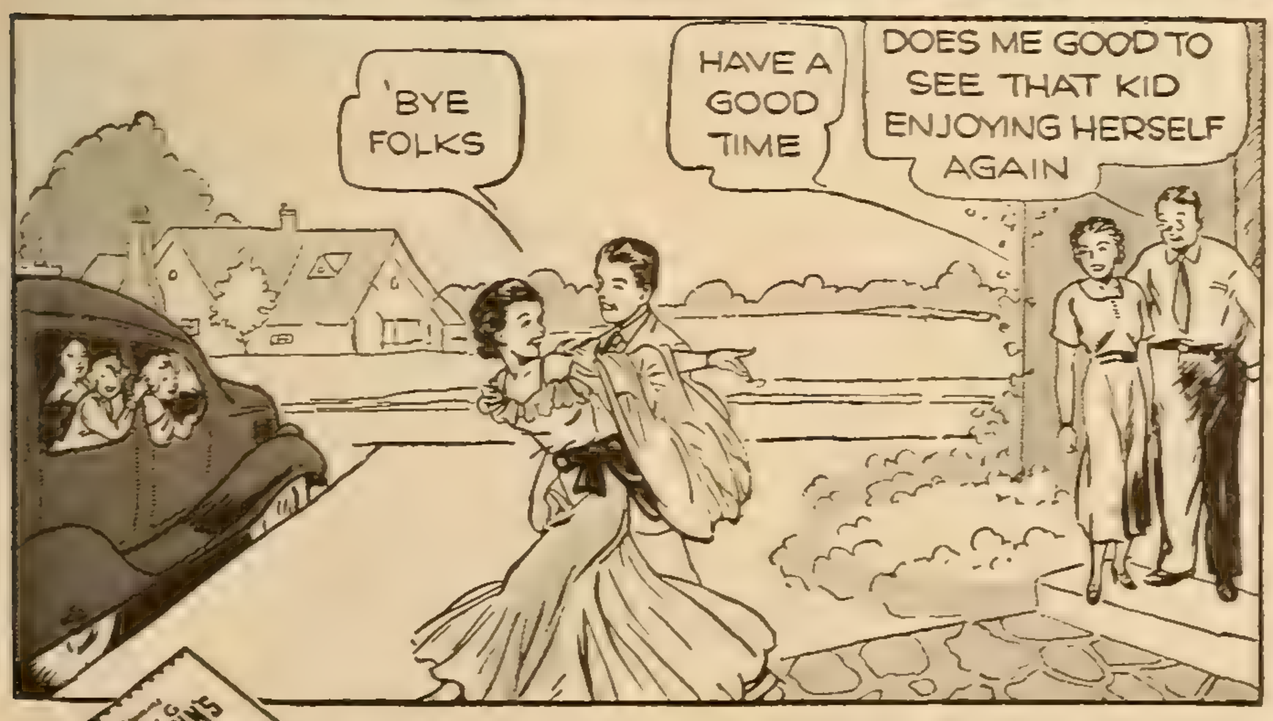
HER PIMPLY SKIN WAS THE REASON FOR SARA'S "THIN TIME" ~ UNTIL -











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by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* —a cake about one-half hour before ea[illegible]. Eat it plain, or in a little water until entirely clear. Start today.

ADRIENNE AMES, beautiful screen star



My beauty creme is made from Milk!

NEW TYPE FACE CREME
wins hundreds of Hollywood Stars and thousands of women everywhere

You know that no other creme in the world is like Duart's Creme of Milk the very moment it touches your skin. Because this delightful new kind of face creme is actually made from the rich natural oils found only in pure dairy Milk . . . it **PENETRATES** more deeply . . . **CLEANSES** more thoroughly . . . **NOURISHES** more completely and **BANISHES DRY SKIN** almost at once. If your complexion is not as fresh, clear and youthful as it should be, do as the beauty-wise Hollywood Stars and thousands of other women have already done, start using the newest beauty discovery . . . Creme of Milk. Results you can **SEE** and **FEEL** will come amazingly quick. Use coupon to send for Special Trial Size Jar (not a tube).



Look For CREME OF MILK At Your Beauty Shop Too

The Show Window

[*Continued from page* 50]

Rathbone, as Tybalt, is magnificent. Given a lengthier rôle, he would have dominated the play. John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny, Edna May Oliver, Andy Devine and C. Aubrey Smith, heading a strong supporting cast, are excellent.

Romeo and Juliet is a screen triumph. Produced in the face of out-spoken skepticism, it is a tribute to the courage of Irving G. Thalberg, as well as to his showmanship. It would be difficult to imagine a finer production of Shakespeare's immortal romance. *MGM.*

EXCELLENT

THE TEXAS RANGERS—There's not a dull moment in this exciting drama of the Old West, which deserves a place near the head of every "must see" list for the current month.

Produced on a lavish scale by Paramount, highlighted by brilliant performances on the part of every leading player, distinguished by a genuinely dramatic and always believable story, *The Texas Rangers* is undoubtedly one of the best "westerns" ever produced.

Fred MacMurray, cast as an ex-gunman turned Ranger, is outstanding, particularly in the final sequence in which he is required to track down and kill a former crony. Jack Oakie is at his best in an important role. Jean Parker, playing a rather incidental part, manages to score heavily. *Paramount.*

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE—There was a lot of skeptical comment along the Boulevard when it was announced that Bing Crosby would be starred in a western musical—but the skeptics, for once, stand confounded. *Rhythm on the Range* is the most entertaining Crosby opus in many a moon.

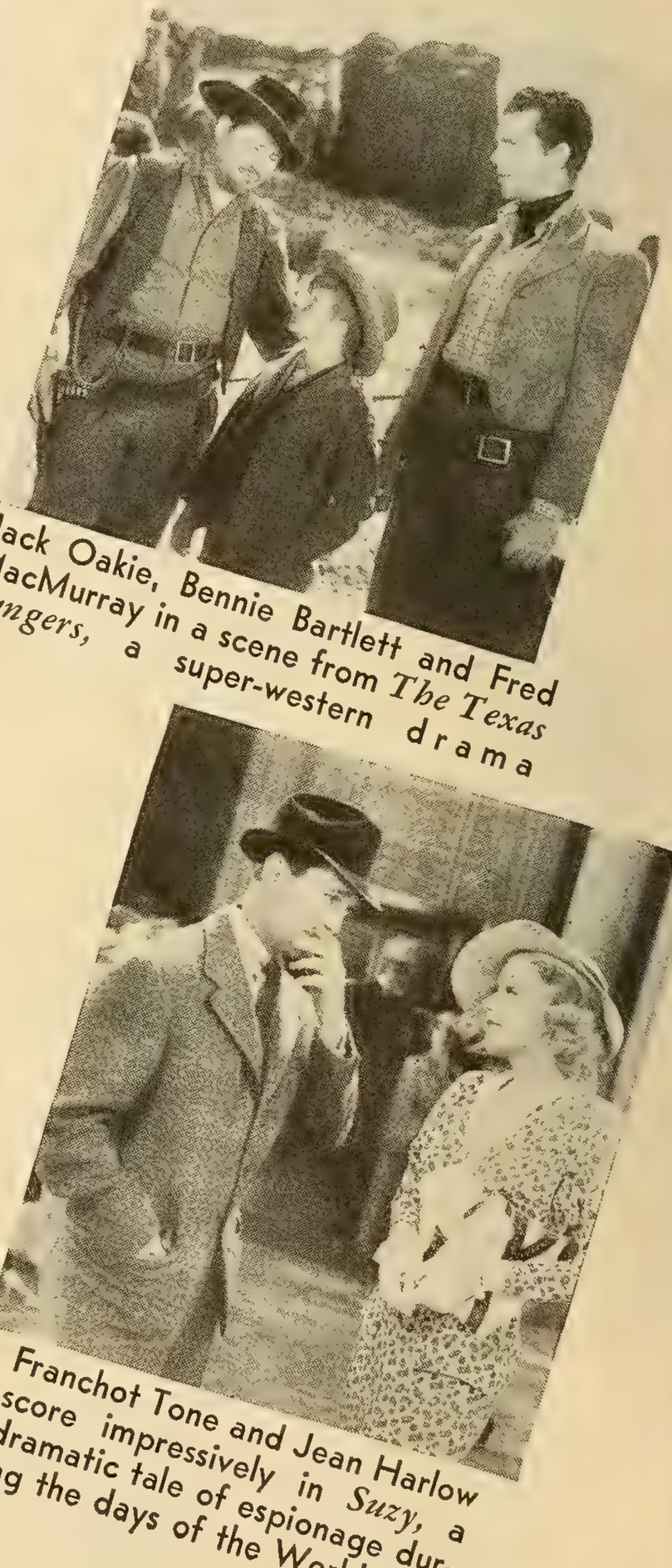
The story itself is trivial—and what there is of it is unbelievable—but the laughs crowd fast on one another's heels and Bing is given opportunity to sing some very catchy numbers, notably *Empty Saddles,* which already has moved into the hit class. His acting is more than satisfactory and he certainly will gain fans as a result of this picture. Credit Bob Burns, of radio fame, with as impressive a screen debut as this reviewer has seen in months. He is a comedian par excellence and makes every one of his scenes a standout. Martha Raye, as delirious a laugh-getter as ever faced a camera, is a perfect partner in his clowning. *Paramount.*

MARY OF SCOTLAND—Frankly intended as a "prestige" picture, this historical drama more than achieves its goal. Some audiences may consider it too heavy and too sombre to be listed as outstanding entertainment, but every audience will acclaim it as an artistic triumph for all concerned.

Katharine Hepburn, perfectly cast as the tragic Mary, is magnificent, particularly in the final scenes where she faces Queen Elizabeth and defies her before being led to the block. And Fredric March, as the dashing, domineering Earl of Bothwell, who crushes every opponent and finally marries his queen, gives perhaps the best performance of his entire career. Florence Eldridge, Ian Keith, John Carradine, Douglas Walton and Donald Crisp are outstanding in the supporting cast.



Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March, co-starring for the first time, give brilliant performances in *Mary of Scotland*



Jack Oakie, Bennie Bartlett and Fred MacMurray in a scene from *The Texas Rangers,* a super-western drama

Franchot Tone and Jean Harlow score impressively in *Suzy,* a dramatic tale of espionage during the days of the World War

The story adheres closely to historical fact—and if this picture fails in entertainment value, it is largely because its authors did not dare to distort history. It is difficult for a Twentieth Century audience to understand the circumstances on which the plot revolves. *RKO-Radio.*

PEPPER—Chalk up another triumph for Jane Withers, whose fan mail has already reached avalanchal proportions. Playing a role that gives her a chance to express every imaginable emotion, she handles all of her situations with a finesse that few adult actors can equal.

The story deals with the regeneration, through "Pepper's" efforts, of a crabby old curmudgeon whose imagined bodily ills are largely the product of a grumpy disposition. Irvin S. Cobb plays the rôle and proves himself an able actor as well as a fine comedian. Slim Summerville, as "Pepper's" slovenly uncle, shares the comedy laurels.

The kids will love this one—and few grown-ups will fail to acclaim it fine entertainment. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—Co-starring George Raft and Dolores Costello Barrymore, this humorous and exciting story of "the gambler and the lady," is sure-fire entertainment for any audience, and will win new popularity for its stars.

Raft plays the square-shooting proprietor of a gambling casino who has aspirations to rise in the world. In Dolores Costello, the impoverished daughter of a blueblood family, he finds a mentor and an inspiration. And in the rapid-fire developments, you will find ample interest.

Both of the stars give near-perfect performances but a goodly share of the picture's many laughs go to Ida Lupino, cast as a designing little hussy; to Reginald Owen, playing a genteel but unscrupulous grafter; and to Jimmy Gleason, Lynn Overman and Edgar Kennedy who play Raft's uncouth henchmen.

Put this one on your preferred list. *Paramount.*

GIRLS' DORMITORY—A great picture, subtly dealing with a sophisticated, absorbing theme and distinguished by brilliant writing, brilliant dialogue and brilliant performances on the part of every member in a fine cast.

But the outstanding feature of this picture is Simone Simon, already an established star of the European screen but a newcomer to American audiences. Imported from France more than a year ago by Twentieth Century-Fox, she makes her debut after a year of grooming and unquestionably is established by this one picture as a potential star of great importance. She possesses an impish quality that is refreshing, acting ability far above the average and an exotic but fascinating beauty that will make a profound impression.

The story deals with a young student's love for her professor and the unjust accusations which threaten to drive her from school. Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton, who are co-starred, are excellent. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

MY AMERICAN WIFE—A clever, unusually entertaining comedy drama, co-featuring Francis Lederer, Ann Sothern and Fred Stone. Put it on your preferred list for the month.

Lederer plays a foreign nobleman who marries an American girl and attempts to live in her home town in Arizona. He is misunderstood by everyone except her grandfather, a rough old stockman, who sympathizes with his desire to be a working farmer. [*Continued on page* 54]



HELEN WOOD

FEATURED IN "CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK." A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

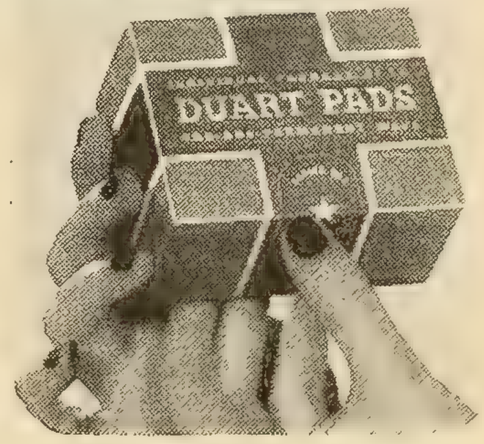


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Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

The Show Window

[*Continued from page* 53]

Lederer scores as the foreign blue-blood who wants to make good in America, and Ann Sothern is excellent as his wife. Fred Stone, Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell are outstanding in important roles. *Paramount.*

I GIVE MY HEART—Kay Francis and George Brent are at their best in this poignant drama of unwed motherhood which has been adapted to the screen from Jan Mallory's play with praiseworthy delicacy and good taste. Miss Francis, in particular, scores a triumph, proving herself one of the screen's finest dramatic artists. For adult audiences, this picture cannot be recommended too highly. *Warner Brothers.*

GOOD

WHITE FANG—A vigorous, action-crammed melodrama of the Alaskan gold-rush, remotely based on Jack London's immortal novel of the same title.

As in the case of it's predecessor, *Call of the Wild,* the producer has again chosen to play down the "dog interest" and increase the "human interest." To achieve that goal, what really amounts to a new plot has been written and London addicts will be amazed to see one of their favorite stories so mercilessly mutilated.

However, the picture is grand entertainment, and the carefully tailored plot rings true. It has suspense, thrills, romance and uproarous comedy. Michael Whalen, Jean Muir, Slim Summerville, Charles Wininger and Jane Darwell are excellent in leading roles and Lightning, the dog, will delight every animal lover. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

BENGAL TIGER—Thanks largely to the outstanding direction of Louis King, this exciting melodrama of circus life, intended by Warner Brothers as a Class B picture, proves better entertainment than many of the so-called Class A pictures of the month.

The story hinges on the conflict between Barton MacLane, playing a stubborn, strong-willed animal trainer, and a magnificent Bengal Tiger which he vows to tame. MacLane gives an excellent performance. Warren Hull and June Travis, carrying the romantic interest, are both effective. *Warner Brothers.*

THE DEVIL DOLL—As bizarre and horrifying as an Edgar Allan Poe tale—but hardly as plausible—is this new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chiller.

The story deals with the vengeance of an escaped convict, who, through the aid of a crack-pot scientist, discovers a means of converting human beings into automatons responsive only to his will.

Lionel Barrymore, as the convict, plays most of his rôle disguised as a woman—and plays it well. Maureen O'Sullivan is unusually **competent** as his daughter and Henry B. Walthall, whose untimely death occurred before the picture could be previewed, gave an impressive performance as the scientist. *MGM.*

MISTER CINDERELLA—As dizzy a slapstick comedy howl as you will see in a year's theatre-going. The story's a crazy-quilt and "sophistication" is conspicuous by its total absence—but it's funny, and how!

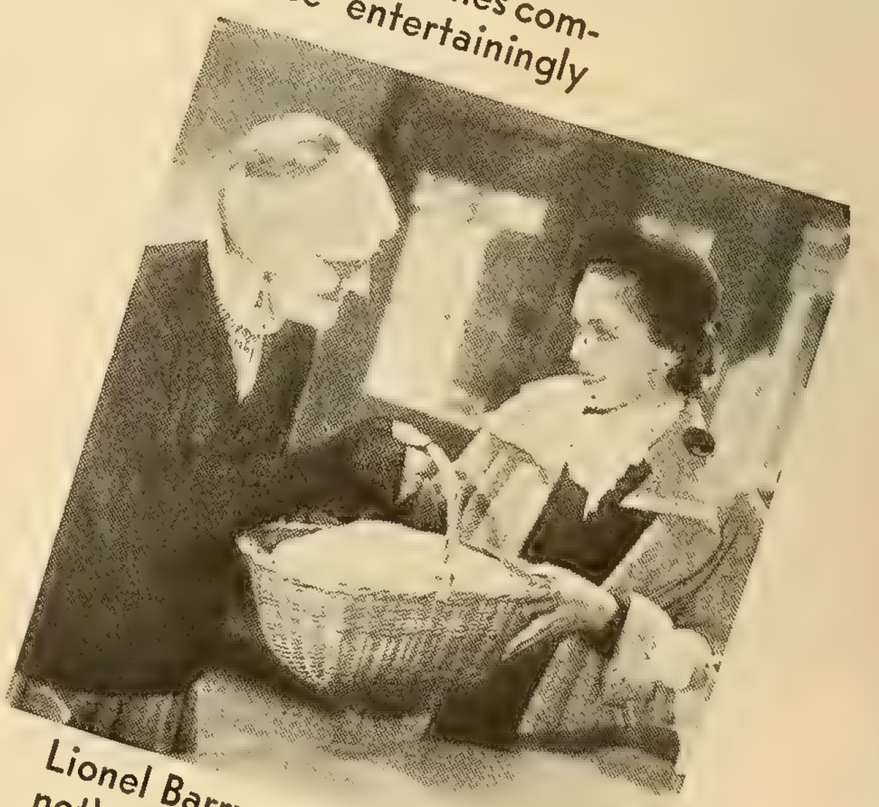
Jack Haley (who will be a top-flight star if he gets a few more pictures of this kind) garners the principal credit but is ably assisted by Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Robert McWade, Rosina



Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby in a scene from *Rhythm on the Range,* Bing's best musical-comedy in many a film moon



Kay Francis and George Brent are re-united again in *Give Me Your Heart,* which combines comedy and romance entertainingly



Lionel Barrymore (believe it or not) and Maureen O'Sullivan in *The Devil Doll,* a wierd and macawbre melodrama

Lawrence, Monroe Owsley, Kathleen Lockhart and Edward Brophy, all of whom reap a rich harvest of laughs. Betty Furness is capable in the picture's only "straight" rôle. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

SUZY—If judged from too critical a standpoint, this melodramatic tale of World War espionage, will be found rather disappointing, despite the presence of Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant and Lewis Stone. But it's a safe bet that the average audience will overlook its story flaws and technical absurdities and pronounce it grand entertainment.

Jean Harlow, wearing her now famous brownette hair, can hardly be credited with an amazing performance but she is, nevertheless, very adequate in the rôle of an American chorus girl who marries a French ace and saves him from the scheming of a German spy. Franchot Tone, as an Irish flier and inventor, gives a superb performance. Cary Grant, as the amorous French hero, turns in an outstanding portrayal. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THEY MET IN A TAXI—With Chester Morris and Fay Wray as its co-stars and Lionel Stander and Raymond Walburn present to account for the laughs, this fast-moving comedy-drama is top-notch fare. The story concerns a taxi-driver, an ex-gangster, a girl jewel-thief—and their mutual efforts to clear up a baffling mystery. The laughs are plentiful and the dialogue is brilliant. *Columbia.*

FAIR

I'D GIVE MY LIFE—Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown and Francis Drake in a melodramatic and very emotional story of gangland, which hinges on the efforts of an honest governor to clean up the criminal rackets in his state. The discovery that the ace racketeer is the former husband of the governor's lady, and that their child is a condemned killer, serves to complicate the situation most dramatically. On the whole it's satisfactory. *Paramount.*

THIRTY-SIX HOURS TO KILL—Once more the G-Men are on the rampage, this time aboard a transcontinental train, determined to get their man, who, as usual, is Public Enemy Number One.

The story offers little that is new but much that is entertaining—if you like fast-moving, he-man action pictures. Brian Donlevy, who looks like a coming star, plays the government sleuth very effectively. Gloria Stuart, too capable an actress to be wasted on so unimportant a film, makes the most of a thankless rôle, and Warren Hymer and Isabel Jewell do good work. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

Here's a Tip

You can have an advance showing of Twentieth Century-Fox's outstanding romantic picture of the year, *Ladies in Love,* starring Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon and Don Ameche.

Romantic Movie Stories for October will publish the complete fiction story of this great film. In the same issue you will find complete fiction stories of *Adventures in Manhattan, Lost Horizon* and many other great screen masterpieces now being filmed.

Romantic Movie Stories is now on sale at all news stands. Ten cents everywhere.



SO AFRAID!...BUT WHY? Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is "Certain-Safe!" It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you've never known before, because Modess is made differently!

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Here's How To Treat FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

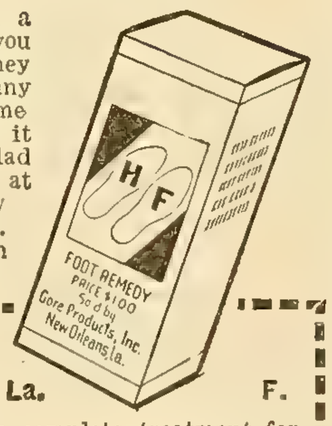
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As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

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Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.



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Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

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Those Barrymore Traditions

[*Continued from page 39*]

"I never heard of it," said John. . . .

"Nor I," said Lionel, that deep, amused note in the unmistakable Barrymore voice, "but that we haven't heard of it means nothing. A wife is always the last to hear of her husband's misdemeanors, a father the last to hear of his son's debts."

"I suppose," John was saying, looking very fit and tweedy and rested as he visited Lionel on the set, "I suppose, if there is such a thing as a Barrymore Tradition it's because the family has been on the stage, in public life, for many years. And in the course of that great length of time things have been said among us which have been passed on by word of mouth, exaggerated, and so, perpetuated."

"I know, for instance," said Lionel, "that when they put Ethel and John and me together in *Rasputin* I heard that there were torrid tales abroad about the 'temperament' that was certain to be rampant on any set where all three Barrymores were gathered together in the sight of Louis B. Mayer. 'The Barrymore Temperament' might, by the way, be a fitter question to discuss than The Barrymore Tradition. Both are largely imaginary."

"Why," murmured John, "why do they all think the three Barrymores are *all* damn fools . . . ?"

"John once said to me, I remember," Lionel went on, in the low voice you have to lean near him to hear, "John once said to me 'I like to be introduced as America's foremost actor—it obviates the necessity of further effort.' I heard that remark repeated back to me a dozen times in subsequent years.

"ON ANOTHER occasion he said to me, 'I saw a geneology lately dealing with Lord Barrymore—(the distant relative from whom we took our stage name) it's interesting—if you like salacious literature.' That came back to me."

"It should have," said John.

"These remarks and others like them," said Lionel, that somehow patient smile on his face, "are the ordinary patter of any family. If they are confined to the bosom of the family, that ends them. They die there. But we of the stage do not live in our own bosoms. We live in the bosom of the public and the press, indecently exposed spots."

John grunted.

"I recall how John, as a youth, once found a volume of Balzac. He then read all of the Balzacian works with great avidity. And he later declared to Ethel, 'There're great. Lionel thinks so, too. But it's funny that people go right on reading them without waiting for the Barrymores!'

"When Ethel made her debut on the stage in *Captain Jinks* at the age of seventeen the whole family turned out. I couldn't, I recall, find our father anywhere . . . do you remember where I finally did unearth him, kid?"

"At the very back of the house," said John, "in a rear seat, huddled down where no one could see him, weeping copious tears of pride. Many a father mops the dew of pride from his brow when his daughter makes her debut in a graduation play or an amateur theatrical and his pride and his tears pass unnoted and unnoteworthy. But the tears of Maurice Barrymore were headlines!"

And the tears and the trips and the tantrums of the Barrymores are still headlines, I thought. The Tradition is still in the making. For many a man and many a maid become entangled with Eros and do their unravelling in private. But John and his "Ariel" were *front page stories* for weeks. And even after their announced marriage, they will be front page "copy."

"ONCE," continued Lionel, in one of his rare and, for me, most fortunate and fortuitous conversational moods, "once, asked by a reviewer of the Police Gazette if he had read the review of his latest show, Maurice, our sire, replied 'No—*I shave myself.*' The remark was passed along and became, I suppose, a cornerstone of the Tradition.

"Another time, getting out of a hansom cab, Maurice espied a process server advancing upon him. He expected a service. He thought fast and acted faster. He pushed his friend out ahead of him and yelled, 'Run, Barrymore, run!'—and while the process server was pursuing the befuddled friend, Maurice did a vanishing act!"

"Good old Uncle John Drew, too, made pithy remarks in his day," said John, "on the occasion when I was caught in the San Francisco earthquake I had to get out of my hotel at six in the morning and when I went forth into the devastated streets I was put to work cleaning away bricks. Commented Uncle John, with relish, 'It took an earthquake to get him out of bed and the United States Army to put him to work!'—and how right he was!"

But this *is*, I thought to myself, this *is* The Barrymore Tradition—they are explaining it to me, without, perhaps, realizing it. They are giving me the threads which, gathered together, have woven the tapestry of the tradition.

Lionel was called to the set at that moment. He rose with his habitual slowness. He dropped his limp and again unlit cigarette and stepped into the scene. The director called, "They're turn-ing!"—and a Barrymore was trouping again.

And as I watched him, as I watched John talking aside to another member of the cast, I thought how much poorer the world would be if the name of Barrymore should appear no more on billboards and theatre marquees. For something would go from the theatre with the passing of the Barrymores; a fever would leave the Thespian blood. There have been many and heated disputes about the Barrymores, whether they are great actors or just great showmen or neither or both. Does it matter? They are exciting *people*. They raise the blood pressure of the imagination.

And I said to myself what I had tried to say to Lionel—that he had explained the Barrymore Tradition. For a tradition is, after all, only the amassed folklore of a people or a family, even as he had said.

"Tell me," I said to John, who was standing now, ready to take off, "tell me some of the 'little things' about Lionel—little personal things you know which will, one day, be embroidered into the Barrymore Tradition."

"Lord, I don't know," said John, his eyes on his brother, "let's see . . . he always wears loose-fitting suits, don't ask me why. Keeps his hands perpetually in his pockets. Smokes his special brand of Virginia cigarettes. They go out constantly. He is forever borrowing matches. Speaks with a slight drawl when he is telling a story. Has a habit of making up apt and pertinent similies. Said one time when he

heard about someone worrying over a very trivial matter, 'That's like worrying about a manicure on the way to the guillotine.'

"Never on the set except when actually working. Passes most of his time in his dressing room, etching or composing music. Or telephoning to Irene, his wife. She was once his leading lady. Still is. The scene shifts, not the rôle. He phones her long distance when she is away from home, at home when she is there. Several times a day when she is ill. He has been called," said John, with a sardonic shudder, " 'Hollywood's Greatest Lover.' When he was 'accused' of this he remarked that he saw nothing unusual or worth comment in a husband's devotion to his wife. He further observed that before long people will be putting it in the papers when they observe a parent's fondness for a child.

"HE WORKS without make-up. Studies his lines and the business together, fitting the gestures to the lines as he reads. Has three dogs, a monkey and a parrot. Has a smile for everyone, words for very few. Keeps up on politics but never discusses them. Too peace loving—like all the Barrymores! Sneaks out a side door when he goes to a preview. Appears to be grumpy but is really softhearted. Family failing. Many a Forgotten Man has old Lionel to thank for his job and daily bread. Doesn't drink. Keen about Amos and Andy. Loves children and dogs. Gets on beautifully with kids. Says 'they talk sense.' Crazy about young Shirley Temple.

"Is the only member of the family who is not a typical showman. I like to think I'm not but know better. Regards acting as a business, just as manufacturing automobile parts is a business.

"He's a talented composer and pianist. Clever painter in oils. An expert etcher. Had three etchings hung in New York in the 'Hundred Prints Of The Year' exhibit. His first appearance on any stage was at the age of five, with our father, playing a crying baby. He has remarked to me that his last appearance will doubtless be that of a crying baby, also. When we were all three on the stage, Ethel, Lionel and I, we always sent Ethel a big red apple on her opening nights. For no explainable reason. It got to be a family custom."

Lionel came back from the set and rejoined us. He borrowed a match from John and lit a fresh cigarette. I mentally gave him three puffs and then readied another match. John strolled off, with a nod and a wave of the expressive Barrymore hand. . . .

"As *Mercutio,*" said Lionel, "the kid is —" and Lionel's face expressed what his voice failed to say—"I was just thinking," he chuckled, "when John and I were about eight and ten, respectively, we used to hang around backstage during our father's rehearsals. One day he gave us fifty cents each and told us to go out and get lunch. We invaded Delmonico's, found that French Pastry was listed on the menu, at a quarter. We consumed the whole tray between us and then found that it had meant a quarter *apiece.* We had eaten *five dollars worth.* So John called the maitre d'hotel over and leaving me in hock, went out, got the old man and had him come over and redeem me . . . !"

The director called again.

Lionel rose and said goodbye. He apologized, "Sorry I couldn't explain the Barrymore Tradition. Another myth, I suppose . . . there isn't any such thing. . . ."

But there is, I thought, leaving the set—there is and they did explain it. To me. Have they to *you?*

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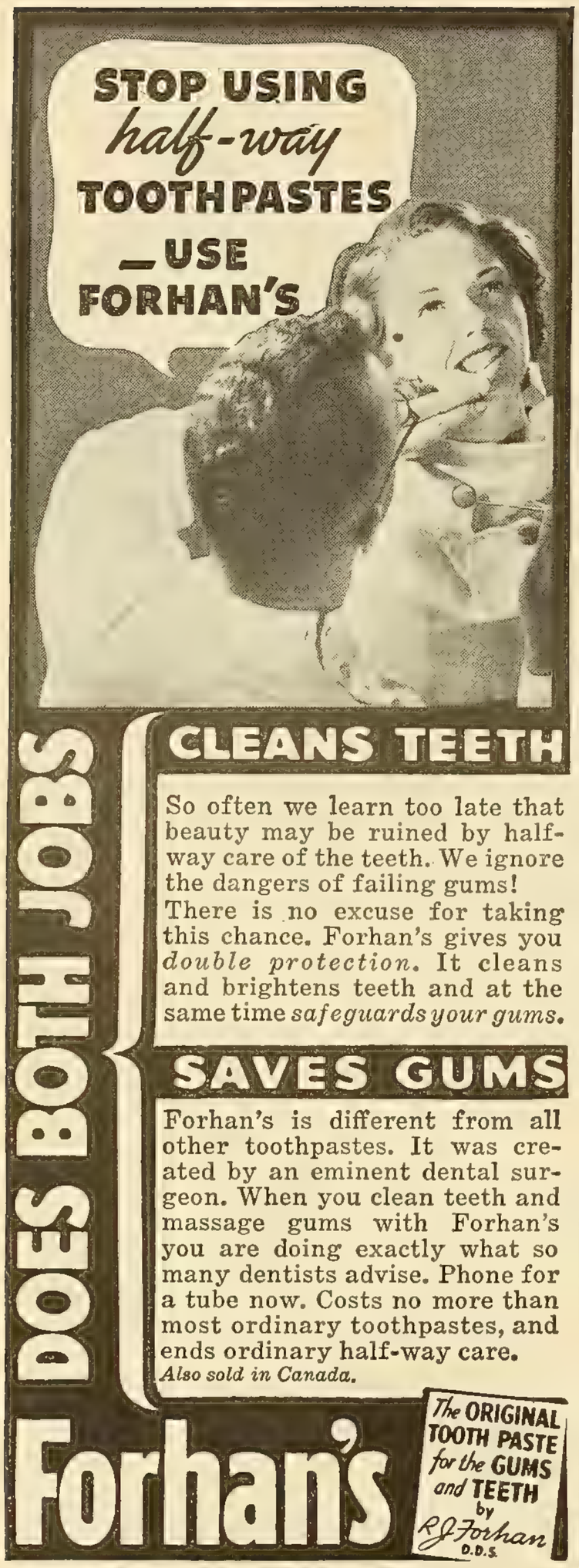
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The House of Morgan

[*Continued from page 21*]

sly, intriguing comedy more artfully than our Bill?

Catch on! I recall Ralph Morgan on the New York stage, where he starred for seven consecutive years, as a widely versatile actor of parts. In one play, he was a very clever, devil of a chap with suave sophisticated manner and a swell sense of humor. In another opus, he proved to be as engaging a villain as ever lived.

DON'T get the idea that Ralph, in saying that he is a comedian, is trying to steal brother Frank's thunder.

Frank's comedy is as individual in style as may be found within the realms of acting. As a matter of fact, brother Ralph thinks that brother Frank is just about the funniest fellow in the world. But he also thinks he is a pretty funny guy, himself.

It has been a strange quirk of fate that Frank Morgan, who gained his fame on the stage as an actor of straight dramatic parts, should become one of the really few genuine comedians in pictures. And, that Ralph Morgan, who was famed for his comedy ability on the stage, should be "typed" in pictures as a straight dramatic actor.

Ever since Frank Morgan burst forth before a delighted public with that marvelously droll performance of the Duke in *The Affairs of Cellini,* he has been called upon time and time again to play the same sort of amusing character

Don't think for a moment that Frank doesn't yearn to get a strong dramatic rôle that he can sink his teeth into.

By the same token, ever since Ralph Morgan re-created his original stage rôle of "Uncle Charley" in *Strange Interlude* and contributed that splendid characterization of the Czar Nicholas of Russia in *Rasputin* with the three Barrymores, John, Lionel and Ethel,—he has been doomed by the picturepickers to portray sad, gentle oldsters with the same charming, wistful appeal of your favorite dear old college professor.

It was such a rôle he played recently in *The Magnificent Obsession,* an eccentric inventive old coot with Christlike qualities. He played it as a Morgan should, but after all that type of rôle never makes one a picture star.

"Really, I can be a hell of fellow," says Ralph when he endeavors to persuade the "boys," but they must think he is "ribbing."

One producer said to me: "Imagine that guy playing a gangster? It's ridiculous. I would just as soon pick Frank to play the rôle."

He thought I was "ribbing" when I told him that I had once seen Ralph in a stage play in which he was the most menacing so-and-so one could possibly imagine. Every time he came on the stage, cold chills ran through the theater so rapidly that most of the audience turned up their coat collars.

AT the present time, Ralph's daughter, Claudia, is carrying on the Morgan tradition on the New York stage by accomplishing the amazing task of appearing in two successful plays simultaneously. The ambitious youngster plays a featured rôle in the second act of the Theatre Guild production, *Call It A Day,* and also in the first and third acts of *Co-respondent Unknown.* She accomplishes this feat by changing her makeup and costume in a taxicab between theaters. As a result of her performance in *Call It A Day,* Claudia has been signed by the Theatre Guild to a three-year contract for leading rôles, an honor which had previously been reserved for Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Ina Claire.

It seems odd to refer to the Morgan tradition of the stage, when one recalls that Ralph and Frank created their own traditions.

They were born Wuppermann, heirs to the Angostura Bitters fortune. Ralph is the eldest, and he had to break the ice in the family about going on the stage.

"There was plenty of ice, too," confessed Ralph.

"My parents had old-fashioned ideas about the stage. They sent me to Columbia University to study law, so that I could be of some use to the family business. It all started in the college shows and the Comedy Club in New York, where I first was bitten by the acting bug. It wasn't long after I graduated that I was spending the twenty-five dollars a week I earned in a law office for theater tickets.

"Alla Nazimova, the great Russian actress, became so curious over seeing me in the front row at her Ibsen repertoire nearly every night, that she finally sent her manager to bring me back stage. I still think she originally thought I was crazy. And, I know my parents did. At any rate, Warner Oland happened to be visiting in her dressing room that night.

"A remark he made to me at that time helped me immeasurably to make the decision that was to change the entire course of my life. Kindly Warner said: 'With your love of the theatre and your understanding, you belong in the profession'."

EVEN when Wuppermann *pere* offered the eldest son a fortune to go back to the law office, Ralph stuck to his guns. He set forth on the stage to earn his own living, and to try for fame, in exactly the same manner in which most great actors have achieved acting ability and success. This means the hardships of one-night stands, hall bedrooms and precarious salaries. Once he made the grade and proved his sincerity, all was forgiven, and the younger brother, Frank, was permitted to follow in his footsteps.

Some day Ralph and Frank will fall heirs to the immense Wuppermann Angostura Bitters fortune. Father Wuppermann has passed on to his reward, but their eighty-five-year-old mother actively rules over the business today. Frank is vice-president of the company.

As I sat with Ralph and his charming wife, Daisy, the love of his stage days to whom he has been happily married for twenty-two years, discussing the strange quirks of his career, I couldn't help thinking that acting is the noblest of professions.

It must be to command the love and loyalty of this kindly, distinguished man who has devoted his life's work to the service of entertaining his fellow man.

Despite his wistful protests against Hollywood "typeing," I know that he has no envy of any other actor in his makeup.

But, I am likewise sure that he would be a happier actor if the movie moguls would let him be a comedian or a villain, occasionally.

Now You're Talking

[*Continued from page* 6]

and everything around me, and live for a little while in a glorified land where everything is just the way I would like it to be. —*Cecelia Galloway, Washington Hotel, Portland, Oregon.*

$1 Letters

Illusions Preferred—Historicals are now the rage. So much so, that fans are complaining because of the lack of American historical films.

I think that the people would be disappointed in a film biography of Lincoln, Washington, Jackson, or Grant, or of any other famous pioneer of the United States. For years the people have cared for and nursed the names and memories of those who built this country. And to have them brought out, dramatized by others, their blunders shown, their lives re-enacted, would take much of the color and drama out of a history that has made these men almost legendary.—*S. Begg, Kingston, Ont., Canada.*

Glamour Vs. Naturalness—It's about time the stars "came down to earth" and all this "Glamour business" vanished. What folks want these days is Naturalness! Good, common, everyday naturalness.

Wouldn't it be great if we could see Joan Crawford, after a swim with hair stringing down, or be able to wear some of those fantastic clothes in public without looking like a walking fashion plate. And, hasn't Dietrich ever stumbled on a chair or does she always have that perfect "glide"? On the screen, why not have some of the beauties awaken with their hair in curlers like every other woman?

Ah! the wonder of it, the very wonder of it, that never has there been a movie heroine who wore glasses.

Oh, I could go on forever, but what's the use, Glamour and Naturalness will always be opponents. Or, maybe I'm wrong, perhaps Naturalness will defeat Glamour and when it does I can let the boy-friend see others besides Shirley Temple and Wallace Beery.—*Doris de Fabry, Newark, New Jersey.*

The Other Side—These irate selfish souls who are continually complaining about the two-feature bills make me so tired. In the first place, whenever two films are being shown at one theatre, it is usually very plainly advertised so, and no one who dislikes the double-bill need to even enter the show. And, should they be anxious to see one film but don't want to stay for both, no one, I am sure, would object to their coming on time, seeing the desired film and leaving. They wouldn't lose any money—and I am sure that I should be ashamed to admit that I sat four hours watching a show that I didn't like just to "get my money's worth."

These double-features weren't planned for the restless rich who can attend as many films as they like. It is for people with slim pocketbooks and few spare hours. With only one afternoon off a week, a two-for-the-price-of-one attraction is an answer to a prayer. It enables one to see many worthwhile pictures—and there are worthwhile pictures—that could not be seen otherwise.

I say let those who don't like them go elsewhere (there are plenty of places), and leave the blessed double-features for those who can truly appreciate the bargain they get.
—*Charlotte Fox, R.D. No. 2, Elyria, Ohio.*

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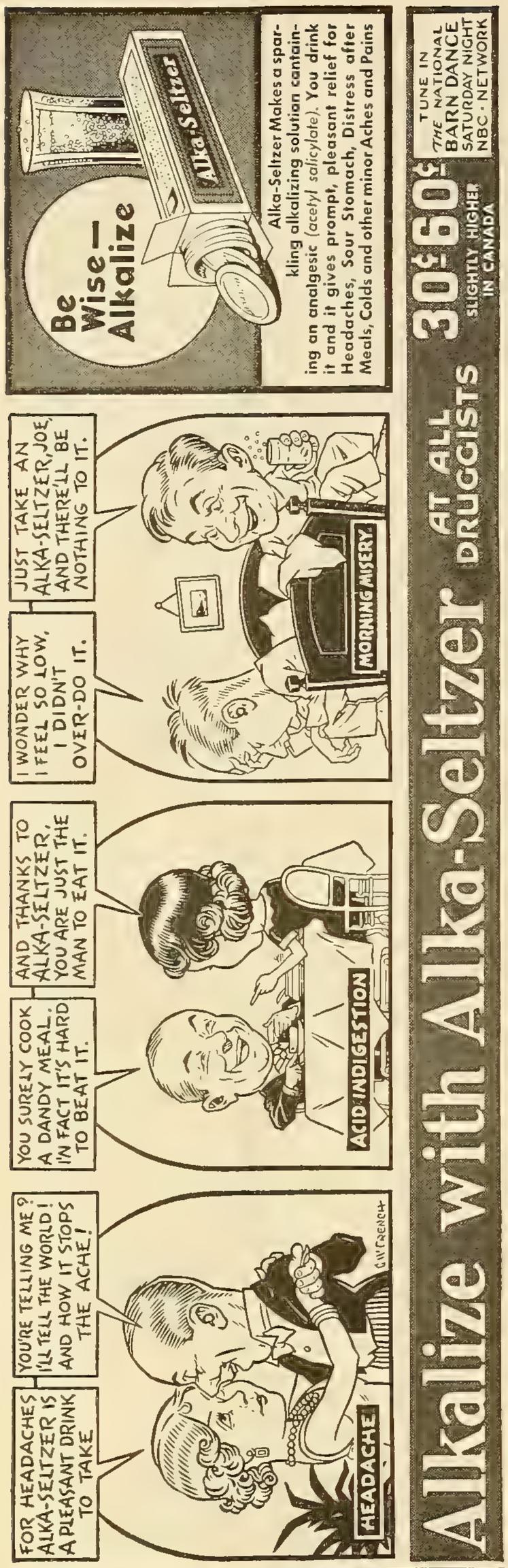
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Aids to Romance

Recommended by Alison Alden

THERE are important moments in every girl's life that matter more than a year of ordinary living. And what girl hasn't wished that just for one night some benevolent genie would appear to make her especially lovely! She can, however, work magic of her own if she will put to proper use the many available aids to beauty. To keep step with the science of perfumer and cosmetician is to keep step with romance.

A beauty bath, perfumed and relaxing, is the very best start in preparing for an evening of high adventure. It should not only be a bath for cleanliness but for fragrant daintiness and rested nerves. A handful of bath crystals in a tub of warm water affords this inexpensive luxury. Especially delightful are *Wrisley's Perfumed Bath Crystals* for they soften as well as scent the water. The best method for getting the fullest enjoyment from your bath is to relax in the tub for five or ten



Wrisley's Perfumed Bath Crystals and Water Softener in floral scents are a definite aid to romance

minutes, then soap and cleanse the body and finish with a cool shower. The kinks in your system will have evaporated and your skin will feel soft and velvety. *Wrisley's Bath Crystals* can be had in five fragrances: Bouquet, Pine, Lavender, Gardenia and Lilac. Try adding some of these crystals to the water in which you rinse your lingerie. Your garments will retain an elusive fragrance which lasts indefinitely.

No matter how refreshed you may feel after your bath, don't fail to use a deodorant, as a few hours of dancing will undoubtedly cause those unpleasant perspiration odors which are so disillusioning. I have found that *Mum,* a dainty cream-like deodorant, will not stain the most fragile gown and that it can be applied with safety even following a depilatory. *Mum* is soothing to the skin and affords an absolute safeguard against the possibility of offending for twenty-four hours.

Make-up for neck and arms is a problem that needlessly perplexes many girls when they dress for the evening. Dusting with a face or talcum powder that promptly rubs off on her escort's dinner coat is one sure way for a girl to write finis to a romance. Max Factor has



For lasting evening facial make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, and for flawless arms and back, Max Factor's Make-Up Blender

filled this need for a lasting make-up for neck and arms with his *Make-Up Blender,* which comes in white, flesh, rachelle and natural. Created originally for the stars of Hollywood, it is now available at most drug and department stores at one dollar for a generous sized bottle. *Max Factor Make-Up Blender* gives a creamy appearance and



Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy Mascara has a new team-mate in Six Twelve Creamy Eye Shadow—also in tube form

tones in naturally with the facial make-up, concealing any change in complexion which exists between face and hands.

Be sure to use *both* eyeshadow and mascara—those infallible aids to romance—to give your eyes a starry, luminous appearance. Block in the shadow from the upper lashes almost to

the brows, diminishing the color as you blend it upwards. You will like the new creamy eyeshadow introduced by the House of Pinaud in their *Six-Twelve* line as it can be smoothed into delicate shadings on the lids and will do wonders in lending glamour to your eyes. An attractive feature of this shadow is the fact that it comes in a tube and can be conveniently carried in the purse as a companion piece to Pinaud's *Creamy Mascara,* also packed in a tube and enclosed, with a brush, in a handy suede bag.

Tangee's "Little Miracle" Compact contains both Tangee Lipstick and a pat of matching Tangee Rouge, and is so neat and small that you can tuck it into your tiniest evening bag . . . Then when you find cheeks and lips growing a bit pale after hours of partying, you can touch them up quickly and inconspicuously by means of this handy vanity. If you insist on a very brilliant lipstick and rouge for evening, you'll probably like Tangee's *Theatrical;* however, there are many gals who won't allow Tangee *Natural* out of their reach, night *or* day . . . The "Little Miracle" costs only $1.50.

As perfume is the very essence of romance, the careful selection of your perfume is of utmost importance. Everyone familiar with *Coty's* exquisite perfumes will be delighted to know that this house is now presenting its most treasured fragrances in gem-like flacons at a very modest price. These small flacons, *Petite Modeles* they are called, reproduce in miniature the details of the famed originals. You are certain to want one to carry in your evening bag.

Acquiring beauty can become a fascinating adventure for the girl who recognizes the possibilities which lie in the art of make-up. Few girls are born beautiful; fewer still have facial defects which cannot be minimized by a change of hairdress or the scientific use of cosmetics. I shall be glad to discuss your own beauty problems with you if you will write me in care of Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped return envelope with your letter.

A Beauty Expert for You

Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC'S beauty editor, offers her services free of charge in solving your problems of make-up or in answering perplexing questions on the care of hair and skin. Write Miss Alden in care of MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. Her letter to you will be confidential and her recommendations based on years of experience as a beautician.

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GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 271 Des Moines, Iowa

Fred MacMurray's Honeymoon Diary

[*Continued from page 23*]

interesting islands. I swear you could smell the fragrance of those islands as we came in. When we got near enough, about fifty natives swam out to greet us, and we threw them coins and they dove for them; came up with the coins in their mouths, grinning and shouting and hallooing. There were a lot of little boats that came out too. From the dock you could hear the strains of Hawaiian music—they had a whole orchestra there—and the cries of the lei sellers. The dock was jammed with people . . . it seems all the natives always turn out for every landing. There were some official singers, too . . . Hawaiian men and women in white . . . fat, most of them . . . with the most beautiful voices.

Then we disembarked, (how'm I doin'; that's real travel parlance!) and there were a lot of friends to meet us, and all of them had leis over their arms for Lily. The presentation of a lei is quite a ceremony. No one would think of just sending flowers by messenger; that would be an insult. If you can't bring the flowers yourself then you send them with a close friend, and the friend puts the lei around the girl's neck and says, "This is from so-and-so. When anyone presents the lei himself, he always presents it with a kiss. I soon discovered that whether the girl is on her honeymoon or not makes no difference. Oh, well, they say it's the custom!

At last! I found out what a *Malahene* is . . . it's the Hawaiian word for a sort of a tenderfoot, a person who has come from the Mainland, (they always speak of the United States as the mainland) to the islands for the first time. That makes me one, and I must say I'm relieved.

Saturday

Went dancing last night at the Royal Hawaiian, and that is something I can't describe in justice. The dance floor is outside, under the sky and stars, and the orchestra is outlined against the ocean. The moon comes up behind them, and you can hear the lapping of the waves sort of mixed in with the music, and is it something! Henry Owens orchestra, with Rae Kinney singing, than which there is no better. He's coming to the Cocoanut Grove soon. A friend of mine I haven't seen for a year is here playing with them. They played a piece, *Dancing Under the Stars,* written by Owens' that's sure to be a hit in America this winter.

All the girls wore leis, some of them of gardenias, and some of pekaki, which (I found out!) are very expensive. But Lily was pleased. The dance floor was so full of the fragrance of them that you almost got dizzy. Lily says that the hotel cleaner told her that even after you clean a dress that you've worn pekaki with, it still retains their fragrance!

And liquid sunshine at night—that's a funny one. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't experienced it. It rains at some time of the day almost every day in Honolulu, but it's such a light rain that it doesn't even get you wet, and nobody pays any attention to it. That's why they call it liquid sunshine. Well, last night it "liquid-sunshined," at night, while we were dancing. Dancing in the rain. The most glorious feeling you can imagine!

And afterwards we went swimming . . . moonlight swimming on the beach of Waikiki! It was so warm we were comfortable even sitting around in our wet suits afterward.

Today we spent most of the day on the beach and in the water. When you swim out far it's so clear you can look down and see fish. Tried a little surf riding, but is that an art—and don't let anyone tell you differently!

Sunday

The famous drive around the island! Took most of the day, but it was worth it. Have never seen so much in one day in all my life. Miles of sugar fields, and pineapple groves. We wanted to pick some pineapples but our driver said there was a forty dollars' fine. We saw the Mormon Temple, (first time I knew there were Mormons on the islands) Schofield Barracks, (the army post) and Pearl Harbor, the naval station . . . one of the biggest in the world; you could put the whole United States navy in it. One of the few places in the world where they have a dry dock for battleships. The size of it! You stand at the top of it and look down and you think you're on the *palai.* That's another place we saw . . . the place where King Kamahameha pushed a whole army over. They call it palai, because that's the word for cliff or mountain, I believe. It overlooks the sea for miles and miles and the wind speeps over it at such a speed that you can actually lean against it with all your might and still not move. The rush of the wind and the beauty of the waves—the two leave you speechless.

Monday

Lily went shopping today and was surprised to find that Honolulu is such a city. Trolley cars, department stores, everything.

Had some *poi* today . . . looks and tastes like lavender wall paper paste. I'll take steak and french fries. That's the Beaver Dam in me, I suppose . . . nothing fancy. Also bought some Hawaiian records—*Aloha Sweetheart, Hawaiian Paradise, Pretty Red Hibiscus* . . . this music gets in your blood.

Tuesday

On shipboard. Aloha, aloha, and do we feel blue, even if we *are* at the Captain's table. Lily almost cried when we passed Diamond Head, coming out of the harbor. Our friends had gone up there to flash mirrors at us, to say goodbye. You can see the flash of the mirrors until the curve of the horizon takes it away. When you pass Diamond Head you're supposed to throw a lei overboard if you're ever coming back . . ."

That seemed to be the end of it all. Fred bestirred himself, trying not to look mournful.

"Well," I wanted to know. "Did *you* toss one over?"

He looked at me, askance. "You bet we did. Of course we're going back to that paradise some day soon. I'm not a *Malahene* anymore either." He paused. "You know," he said, "you don't realize how crazy and goofy Hollywood is until you get away from it."

Suddenly, like Dante's disciple, Gracie Allen was standing there before us. Arms akimbo, eyes flashing, she said loudly: "Well, must I throw you out, or will you leave under force?"

"See," said Fred, "that's what I mean, exactly!"

Ginger Answers

[*Continued from page* 16]

hurry for I feel that my work on the screen is giving me back-ground and the ability to understand all sorts of people.

Q. If you ever fail in movies, what business or occupation would you turn to?

A. I have already spoken of my wish to write. I also have an idea that I could be a designer of women's clothes.

Q. Did you and Harriet Hilliard become good friends during the filming of Follow The Fleet?

A. Yes. We became very good friends.

Q. Do you enjoy being a guest star on the radio broadcasts? Would you like to do more radio work? Do you have a favorite program?

A. I enjoy radio work immensely and I have made definite arrangements to appear on several radio broadcasts this fall for Lux and for Louella Parsons. My favorite program is Jack Benny's.

Q. Do you intend to write more songs? What is your favorite song?

A. Yes, I do. I love to write songs—particularly silly songs. My favorite song is, "Who" from *Sunny*. It's old but I never tire of it.

Q. What picture have you enjoyed making the most?

A. *In Person.* Simply because every circumstance connected with this production was congenial. We had a cast of comics, and I love banter.

Q. What is the largest number of retakes you have ever had to do on a single scene?

A. We take some dancing scenes as many as twenty-eight and thirty times before they are pronounced perfect.

Q. If you should fall in love with some man other than an actor, would you be willing to give up your work should he want you to?

A. No, I wouldn't! I think any man who would make such a demand would be very selfish in his love. I would consider him more in love with his own egotism than with me, for after all, my work is part of me.

Q. Have you any plans at present of appearing in a musical in New York?

A. No, I haven't.

Q. Please tell me what special care you give your feet after rehearsing for hours?

A. I bathe them, first in hot and then cold, water and then—don't laugh—I rest with my feet higher than my head in order to allow the blood to recede from them.

Q. Are all of your pictures chosen for you or do you have a choice as to those you would like to appear in?

A. They have all been chosen for me with the exception of *In Person.*

Q. Why do you desire to play dramatic roles when you have made such a hit in musicals?

A. People misunderstand the meaning of the word, dramatic. I simply want parts which demand characterization.

Q. What is the most thrilling experience in your life? When and how did it occur?

A. One of the greatest thrills of my life occurred when I first stood on the stage of a theatre. It was in 1917 during one of the Liberty Loan drives. With my mother, I had gone to see Jane Cowl in a play. Between acts she came out on the stage and urged the audience to buy liberty bonds. Naming the states of the Union one by one she asked the residents

[*Continued on page* 69]

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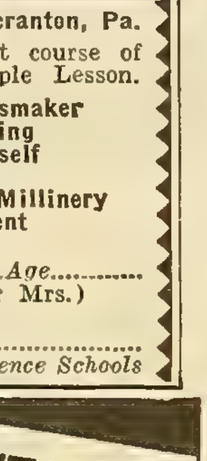
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Fate—Fame and Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page* 49]

and did a lot of thinking about them.

No teacher in high school ever particularly encouraged him about his acting. We never thought much about his dramatic ability; neither did he. To us, it was only one of several talents that he showed.

He was always a student; yet he never had to work to get good grades. In his Freshman year in high school, he was elected to a national honorary society. And he graduated at the top of his class, or next to the top. (If I remember correctly, there was one girl ahead of him.)

He was never afraid of work. Every summer, he would find a job. When he was fourteen or fifteen, he worked on a farm, shocking wheat. When he was sixteen, he found a job painting cars, and his fingers swelled from lead poisoning. He wanted to keep on with it, in the afternoons after school started again, but we would not let him. The summer after he graduated from high school, he had a very good position in a bank as a teller, and then would mow lawns after banking hours.

Robert did not have to work; he just wanted to—and we encouraged him. We felt that a busy boy would make a better man than an idle, restless boy would.

He did not work straight through the summer; he would always stop near the end and join his father and me on our vacations. Three successive summers, we had a cottage at Lake Okaboja in Iowa. It was at the Casino there that he learned to dance, when he was sixteen.

When he got back to Beatrice that autumn, his father gave him a car. It may seem unusual for parents to entrust a young boy, still in high school, with a car of his own. But we told him that he was such a good boy, and so trustworthy, that we knew we could trust him with this. It was *his* property and *his* responsibility.

It sounds amusing now, to recall what his father told him: "I've given you a nice car, but one thing I must demand. Never go over thirty-five in it."

Bob promised, and we let him drive to Lincoln, forty-two miles away, to take his 'cello lessons. And the next year, after he entered Doane College at Crete, Nebraska—32 miles from Beatrice—he would drive home two or three times a week.

EVEN when he entered college, he did not know what he wanted to become. The main reason why he went to Doane was that Professor Gray, his 'cello teacher, taught there. He still kept on with the interests he had developed in high school. He broadcasted for a long time over Station KMMJ at Clay Center, Nebraska, playing and singing with a group that called themselves "The Harmony Boys"—sponsored first by a harvester company, then by a spray company. He played all over the state with a trio composed of Professor Wolf of the college, a boy named Taylor (the dean's son), and a boy named Adams. He kept on entering oratory contests. In his Freshman year, too, he was the leading man in a campus play, *Helena's Boys*.

It used to break Professor Gray's heart, his fooling with dramatics. He thought we all were crazy, to let him do it. He said that Bob could become a great concert 'cellist. But we did not want him to gamble his whole future on just the 'cello; we wanted music to be something that would give him personal pleasure, relaxation. It hurts me now that he seldom plays.

One teacher in college, Miss Ingles, took a great interest in his oratory. She thought that eventually he might become a lawyer, a public speaker. And as I look back now, his practice in oratory gave him the good voice he has today—for he never has had any voice training. (I still am urging him to take singing lessons.) Also, appearing before critical audiences in oratory contests helped him to develop poise.

The most memorable contest, to me, was one held in Doane—the biggest one ever held in that section of the country. I wanted him to enter; so did Miss Ingles; and I was sure that he could win. But he held back.

"Mother, I can't win that," he told me. "Why, there are three ordained ministers entered in it—and every one of them knew how to win an audience before I was born."

At that particular time, he was begging for a fur coat. Not that he needed one; but he wanted one badly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "If you enter the contest and win, I'll get you the fur coat." I looked over at his father. "You'll stand by me, won't you, Dad?" I asked. He nodded.

So Bob decided to enter. And he worked hard over his oration. Finally, the night of the big contest arrived. He made both his father and me stay home; he never wanted us there when he was in a contest; we made him "nervous."

About ten o'clock the 'phone rang. It was Bob.

"Well, Mom," he told me, "you'd better get to Lincoln and get that coat!"

He has told me often that he is glad that we were that way—that we taught him to



Mary, Mary, quite contrary—where does her fancy go? Hollywood's been asking that about Mary Brian for years and still is no nearer an answer, although she's being seen everywhere these days with Cary Grant

appreciate whatever he got, by earning it.

Bob was always so good about writing, telling us everything that he was doing. (I would be kind of scared now to go away. Last summer, when I went East for a visit, I would never have known what was happening, if his Filipino boy had not written to me.) Once in a while, in his letters, he would mention some girl. Doane was co-ed, and he liked several girls there. But as for his getting serious about any of them, I do not think so. He was always very sensible when it came to girls, not one to fall for flattery.

He was troubled at that time, trying to decide what he wanted to do with his life. We never influenced him in any way. We would tell him, "You have your own life to lead, just as we have ours. It is up to you to decide." We never urged him to become a doctor.

ABOUT half-way through his Sophomore year, we received a remarkable letter from him. He told us that he did not want us to think that he was fickle in his ambitions. But he had decided that he did not want just a liberal arts education. He would miss terribly not becoming the sort of man that his father was, trying to follow in his footsteps. So he thought that he had better drop out of Doane and go to Kirksville. He felt that his father had been so good to him that he wanted to repay him by being as much like him as possible. It would probably take him eight years to become a doctor, and he thought he had better get busy and start work. He was going to be a general practitioner, but take up orthopedic surgery as a sideline.

We treasured that letter. We had always felt that we had an unusual boy, but this was the climax of proof. Robert was always in his father's office a great deal as a boy, and went with him on some calls out in the country. One time he even assisted his father in an emergency operation on an injured farmer. He had always seemed interested in his father's work. (I think that is why he takes the part of a doctor so easily, so convincingly.) But we felt that he was too young to be positive that he wanted to devote his life to medicine. We persuaded him to wait until he had finished college before he decided definitely.

At the end of Bob's Sophomore year, Professor Gray accepted an offer to go to Pomona College, in Pomona, California—and Bob was offered Professor Gray's post at Doane, even though he still was a student. He came home to ask us if he should accept. And among the three of us, we came to an unexpected decision—which changed the whole course of his life.

We decided that he should transfer to Pomona.

Professor Gray had told us at great length about Pomona, which had a high scholastic rating and was a much larger college than Doane. The doctor and I believed that a larger college might be more beneficial for Robert. We felt that, in a little college, he did not have enough competition. At Doane, he had everything his own way—in oratory, music, acting, singing. We felt that he was not getting the right preparation for life. It would be hard, seeing him go so far away—but, again, we knew that we could trust him. Also, his friend, Professor Gray, would be there to advise him; and nearby, in San Bernardino, was my husband's former partner, Dr. Gass, who would watch out for him.

So Bob applied for admission to Pomona, was accepted, and prepared to start for California, driving his own car out.

His father and I never thought at that time of the nearness of Hollywood to Pomona. Neither did Bob.

(To be continued)





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Make Things Happen To You

[*Continued from page* 44]

as you read this letter. You may be thinking, Oh, yeah, it's all very well for *her* to talk! She is a motion picture actress. What does *she* know about 'average girls'?"

But I do know. Because I was one. I *am* one—*reconstructed.*

I was plain as a pipe-stem. And I've made myself look—well, photographable.

I was as timid as a church-mouse and I've made myself be a business woman, an actress, aggressive enough to hold my own in the most competitive place and business in the world.

I began life by being not only plain but downright *homely.* I was ill during most of my childhood. I caught everything! I had all the measles and mumps and chicken poxes there were to be had. I was thin and colorless and gangling. I'd never even *heard* of "sex appeal." In short, I was certainly no Garbo by virtue of personality. I had none of the allure of Jean Harlow, none of the dramatic beauty of Joan Crawford.

I was shy, I didn't make friends easily. I didn't know how to mix with people. I am an only child and my father, who was a patent promoter, travelled about from town to town, from city to city. So that I never stayed long enough in any one place to make friends or to learn how to make friends.

I wasn't outstandingly good. I wasn't deliciously naughty. I was 100 per cent an average, rather mousy, little girl.

I THINK I get the thrill I do get out of Hollywood because of my childhood and young girlhood. Everything has for me, still, a quality of the fantastic. I can't believe that I, *Una Merkel,* am really here in Hollywood, a part of it all. I can't at all believe that I am actually a motion picture actress, with a contract and my name and pictures in the papers. I still feel little spiney shivers of pleasure and surprise when Clark Gable yells at me, "Hi, there, Una!" or when Joan Crawford nods companionably. If Garbo spoke to me I wouldn't answer her, I know. I'd never dream that she meant *me.*

When I go, as I do about once a year, to have a conference with Irving Thalberg I feel exactly like *Alice In Wonderland.* I keep thinking that at any moment he will look at me blankly and cry, "Off with her head!"

I have to pinch myself when I read my fan letters and say to myself, "Why, *you* are a movie actress, too, *you* . . ."

And I made it all happen to me—all of it—everything—

I made it happen by, first of all, *thinking about it.* And that's the first thing I want to say to you average girls, everywhere—Whatever you want to do, whatever you want to be, you've got to *think* about it first.

MOST girls, I think, want three things from life. They want beauty and love and fame.

I did. I thought about those three things. I thought about them and thought about them until I had them so firmly fixed in my mind and in my heart that they became actual, almost physical things.

I think we are all born with at least *one* quality which can make for success. I was born with a grim determination to do everything I tackled as well as it could possibly be done, or as well as I, being I, could possibly do it. That's important, girls . . .

When I was a youngster, for instance, my mother had me take piano lessons. I had about as much talent for the piano as a crawfish. But all nice, well brought-up, little girls took piano lessons and so I took them, too. When I realized that there was no help for it, I went at it with all the concentration of a potential Paderewski. I knew I had no talent for it. I knew I'd never be a famed pianist just as, later, I knew that I had no great beauty and no burning genius to push me into fame. But I could do the best I could—and I did. I practised for hours and hours and *hours.* I read the biographies of great musicians. I studied harmony. I went to recitals. And eventually I was able to render Bach and Chopin and MacDowell in a fashion that at least earned me the praise of accomplished musicians.

I have my parents to thank for a good deal of this quality of self-control which has stood me in good stead of the more spectacular qualities. Because they taught me discipline. I was an only child and we adored one another. But they never spoiled me. When they told me to do a thing, I *did* it. I remember how I always hated to go to bed early (I still do). And I used to beg them, especially on the nights when they had company, to allow me to sit up an hour, or even half an hour, later. I'd plead that I never went to sleep until they came up to



Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) is judged by Hollywood's beauty experts to be the possessor of the most perfect figure on the screen. After a partial retirement following her marriage, she is again soaring to stardom

bed. And my mother would say, "Well, you are resting, anyway"—and *I went to bed.*

WHEN I was sixteen or so, just old enough to go with boys, when I began to go to little dances at the summer resorts and hotels—I was a wall flower. I didn't know how to meet boys, nor even girls. I didn't know how to flirt. I didn't have any small talk. I had been so much with mother and father and their friends that I was too old for my age, mentally, and my numerous chicken poxes and things had made me too young and undeveloped physically. I didn't dress right. I didn't look "cute." I wasn't sophisticated. I would have run like a streak from the very sight of a flask of gin. I wouldn't have known what on earth to do about "necking." I would certainly have "walked home."

I suppose you girls who are reading this are thinking at this point, "I know what's coming next. She's going to tell us that overnight a Great Transformation took place—that she suddenly and miraculously blossomed forth and became The-Belle-of-the-Ball, had the most popular boys in town dangling from her charm bracelet, waved a wand and bade Romance and Adventure come her way.

No, I didn't. I didn't make anything of any importance whatsoever happen to me. Nothing that anyone could *see*. But I did pave the way for something wonderful and worthwhile. And I did it *by reasoning with myself*. I did it by forcing myself to realize, to honestly *believe* that to have boys asking me for dates, asking me to dance, flirting with me wasn't really important—then. I was prematurely wise when I figured that if I allowed myself to feel embittered, if my unpopularity pushed me further into my funny little shell I would be in a bad way and nothing would *ever* happen. So I would say to myself, when I watched pretty, laughing, gay girls dance by me and all but over me, as I sat against a wall—when I watched popular, slick girls going off to proms and football games and house parties —I'd say, "It doesn't really matter. *I can wait.*"

And I did wait. And if any of you who are reading this letter are in the same fix as I was, you can wait, too. For sometimes I think it's bad when too many gay, romantic things happen to us girls when we are too young. We don't know how to handle them. And unpleasant, even tragic, things can happen.

I NEVER went to a college prom in my life, I never went to a football game wearing a shaggy chrysanthemum. When I was very young and wanted to go, there was no beau to ask me. And when I grew older, I was working on the stage and couldn't go when I was asked.

But do you see what I mean? Sometimes you can best make things happen to you by not caring whether they happen or not. You can learn to weigh values. You can keep your heart open for the things that will happen later on.

When I made up my mind to go on the stage—that was when we were living in New York—I certainly made that happen to me. No one in my family had ever been on the stage. I had no connections, no influence, no "pull." I didn't even have a name and address to begin with. I did read theatrical papers and I had heard about casting offices. So I went the rounds of the casting offices. Day after day after day. I sat on hard benches for hours and hours. I was told "nothing today" and "we'll take your name and address" at least one thousand and one times. I just made those stereotyped formulas roll off of me like

[*Continued on page* 68]



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Make Things Happen To You

[*Continued from page 67*]

water. I refused to let them eat in. I knew that I had only my stubbornness to work with. No beauty, no anything but plain, plug headed *stay-with-it.*

I should have been discouraged before I ever began. Maybe where there's no sense there's no feeling. I don't know, I only know that I was a plain, awkward, "country" looking girl trying to take the most sophisticated street in the world by its forelock.

And finally, worn out by seeing me sit there, I suppose, a casting office did cast me in *Two By Two,* which starred Charlotte Walker. I had two lines to speak. I suppose they figured that I couldn't quite upset the apple cart with two lines. I didn't care. *It had happened to me.* I had made it happen—*I was on the stage!*

The next part I got was in *The Poor Nut* (and very fitting, that title, I thought). And I had NO lines to say in that. But that proved to me how mistaken we are when we despise the little things that happen to us just because they seem to be unimportant. Not every event in life can be the Great Event. And in this case John Golden, the producer, saw me in *Poor Nut* and gave me a speaking rôle in, of all things, *Pigs*—and the next season I played the leading rôle in *Pigs.* And after that nothing came my way on Broadway so I went out and got myself into vaudeville. No use sitting around just because the thing you want most doesn't happen. Take the next-best thing, that's always been my policy. Keep moving and you'll *arrive somewhere.* It always works. In my case, after my tour, I played a rôle in *Coquette,* with Helen Hayes, and it ran for two years.

I came to Hollywood. I took one look. I knew that I had to make beauty happen to me.

I was just "wrong," photographically, and I knew it. I didn't wear my clothes well. I didn't do my hair to advantage. I didn't make up right.

I REALIZED that in order to make something approaching "screen personality" happen to me I would have to go pliable. I did. I put myself unreservedly in the hands of make-up experts, designers, hairdressers. I kept my eyes open and watched the other girls and what they wore and how they did their hair and everything about them. Madge Evans, my good friend, conferred with me, gave me advice. I took it. I managed to acquire some knowledge of myself and of what were my best points and what were my defects. And so can you . . . and you . . . all of you. For every single girl, however plain, or beautiful, has her best points.

Love—well, I don't know that I can actually go so far as to say that you can make love happen to you. It's so much a matter of happenstance, I think—whether you meet the right boy. But I do think that any girl can do what I tried to do about it—and that is, keep your mind open and your heart uncluttered by little half-loves and meaningless romances and cheap flirtations—and then, when the real thing does happen, *you will know that it is happening.* As I knew.

Sometimes, you see, if you keep things from happening, you are paving the way for the biggest and best thing to happen.

I think you can make successful marriage happen to you, too. We certainly could have problems if we wanted to make problems of them, Ronnie and I. I have my career. We live at home with my mother and father. But we just don't *allow* the love we all bear one another to cause trouble as love, very strangely, sometimes does.

I AM still in process of trying to make things happen to me. I want to develop in pictures. I mean, I like comedy but I do get tired of playing dumb girls who never have a thought in their heads, never say anything but the wrong thing. I'd like to appear to be at least normally intelligent now and again. Which is why I did the bit part in *Speed.* I don't suppose it did me much good or much harm. But I wanted to prove that I could walk onto the screen without getting a laugh. And I did prove that. I hope, having made this happen to me by *doing it* when I didn't really have to, it will be the opening wedge for better parts happening to me. I'm holding the thought.

And I forgot to mention this, girls . . . it may be just as well, while you are thinking and planning and working toward what you want, to keep your fingers crossed and to knock on wood now and again. I do.

And I hope what I've written you will be of some help to some of you. I wish you'd write and tell me. Because honest to goodness things *do* happen to girls who are not fairy princesses—and movie stars!

I know. Your friend,

Una.



Born to Dance—that's the title of Eleanor Powell's current picture and it's also the theme of her entire life. Rumor insists that she and James Stewart are romancing

Ginger Answers

[*Continued from page* 63]

of each, who were present, to stand up and then demanded their pledges to buy. When she called Missouri, my mother stood up and of course I did also. Jane Cowl asked me to come up on the stage, and during the remainder of her speech, I stood there with her arm around me—and I have never before or since been more thrilled.

Q. Is there any special step that is the basis of all tap dancing? If so, what is it?

A. No. Not to my knowledge.

Q. Did you as a child ever appear in any screen plays and if so, what were they?

A. My only appearance on the screen as a child was once in Kansas City when I appeared in an advertising short for an optical shop.

Q. Did you attend college? If so, what one? If not, would you like to attend now, and for what reason?

A. I would love to attend college for I feel that by not doing so, I have missed a great deal. If I could go to college now, I would study literature and languages. While I can gain some of the knowledge that I missed through lack of higher schooling, by reading books, I know that my reading can never take the place of organized study.

Q. Do you consider acting hard work or fun? Do you intend to visit the Texas Centennial? If so—when?

A. Acting itself is fun, but the long hours put in on the production on a picture, and the nervous strain and responsibility, combine to make it also work. My present plans include a visit to the Texas Centennial during the month of August.

Q. What type of make-up do you use off the screen? How do you put it on? Do you use soap or do you use cream? Do you use a powder base? Do you think it is good taste to use eye-make-up in the daytime or just at night?

A. I use lip rouge, eye-brow pencil, mascara, and occasionally, face rouge. I use both soap and cream in cleansing my face. I so seldom use any powder that I really don't require a powder base. I do not object to the use of very light make-up in the daytime, or at night, but I do think a heavy eye makeup with eye shadow and a great deal of mascara is in poor taste at any time.

Q. After you had won the Charleston Contest in Ft. Worth, Texas, did you believe that your chance had come at last?

A. No. I didn't know what it was all about. At that time I had no goal, and winning that Charleston contest was exciting simply because it was an excuse to get out of school.

Q. What is the one thing which contributed most to your spectacular success?

A. Genuine love of my work. Enthusiasm and the desire to succeed if founded on love of one's work, usually is the most important asset anyone can have in achieving success, I think. I know that is true in acting or dancing or anything else pertaining to the theatre or the screen.

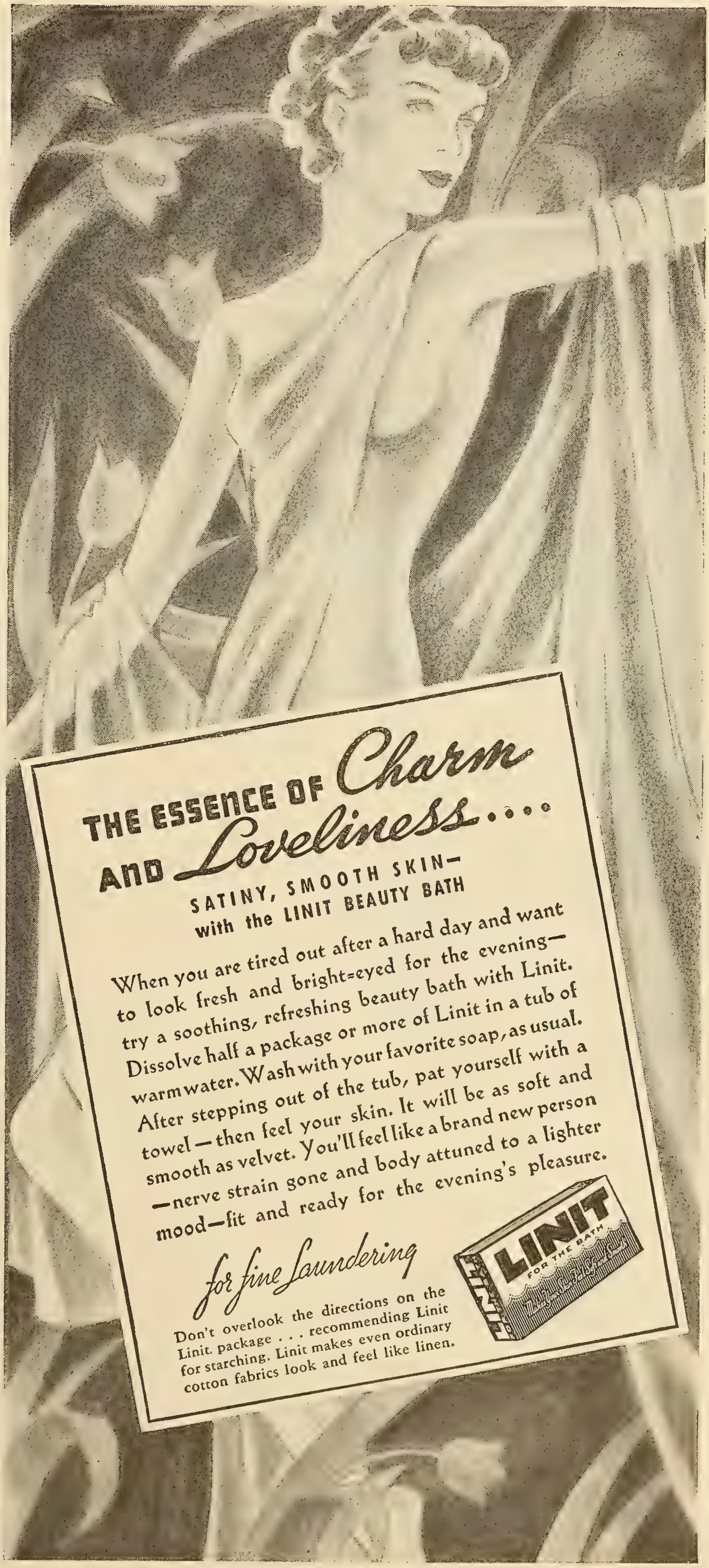
Q. Do you consider marriage incompatible with a career?

A. No I don't.

Q. How would you recommend training for a career as a dancer and dramatic actress in the movies?

A. I think the best training that anyone can have for any type of screen work is to be found on the stage and it is far

[*Continued on page* 70]



Bradley Metcalfe, Star of "THE MILLIONAIRE KID"



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Ginger Answers

[*Continued from page 69*]

easier to obtain a first opportunity there than it is today, in Hollywood.

Q. Is it true what I think about your wise mother making your climb to the top easier for you?

A. Yes, definitely. She had had great experience in show business and her advice and help meant a great deal to me—and still does.

Q. Do you smoke? If so, approximately how many cigarettes a day?

A. Yes. In moderation.

Q. What person has helped you most in selecting your clothes?

A. Bernard Newman, stylist for RKO-Radio Pictures, has helped to select all of my screen wardrobes. Off screen I am an individualist in dress.

Q. Are you and Lew Ayres divorced or merely separated?

A. We are merely separated.

Q. Do you prefer wearing formals or sportswear?

A. I usually wear sports clothes because they are so much more comfortable. After being so painstakingly dressed while working before the cameras, it is a genuine relief to slip into a pair of slacks or some other informal costume.

Q. Do you prefer to dance in low-heeled, or high-heeled shoes?

A. I always dance in high-heeled shoes.

Q. What do you consider one of the most humorous experiences in your life?

A. One of the best laughs I have ever had was in connection with the picture, *In Person.* If you saw it you remember the hideous disguise that was devised for me. Well, before Bill Seiter, the director, had seen that disguise, I played a practical joke on him. I persuaded Pandro Berman, the producer, to act as a partner in my scheme. He called Mr. Seiter and told him that a friend of his from Paris was in town and had to be given a job in the picture. Then, wearing the disguise, I paraded into Mr. Seiter's office. I assumed a heavy French accent and just sat there staring at Mr. Seiter through those heavy lensed glasses and smiled at him through those horrible protruding false teeth and the poor man gulped and stuttered and didn't know what to do. I suppose he thought Mr. Berman had lost his mind, but the fact remained, and it must have been a dreadful fact to him, that his orders were to find this atrocity a job. Finally he mumbled something about writing in a maid's role, and hastily excusing himself for a moment, left the office. While he was gone I took off the wig, jerked out the false teeth, and discarded the glasses—and when he came back and realized that it was Ginger Rogers he had been talking to, his face assumed such a ridiculous expression that I laughed until I was limp.

Q. What was your favorite, most interesting, hardest and most popular dance routine you have put on in the past year?

A. My favorite, most interesting, and I think, my most popular, dance routine in the past year was the comedy dance, *Eggs in One Basket* that Fred and I did in *Follow The Fleet.* My hardest routine, I believe, was *Face the Music.*

Q. What is the greatest goal you wish to achieve in life?

A. Happiness—and that implies success and financial security.

Q. How do your present roles compare with your original aspirations to go into pictures?

DULL VEINED CLEARS EYES *Quickly!*



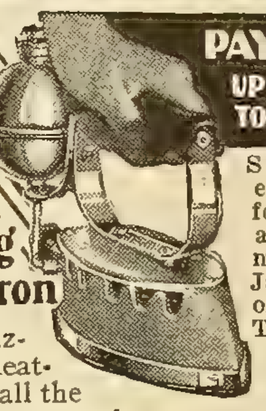
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A. They don't compare at all for I never expected to dance and I did want to be an actress.

Q. Are you actually as enthusiastic about your work as you appear to be on the screen?

A. Yes.

Q. Who was the founder of tap dancing?

A. I don't know. Tap dancing in one form or another is probably the oldest form of dancing. It is based purely and simply on rhythm and probably is prehistoric in its origin.

Q. If you are allowed to play dramatic parts, what type of character would you like to portray the most?

A. I can answer that by saying that one of my great ambitions is to play "Steve" in *There's Always Juliet.*

Q. Has your dancing been of any off-screen value to you? If so, in what way?

A. It has given me poise and grace.

Q. What are the fundamentals of tap dancing?

A. In my opinion they are a profound sense of rhythm and natural agility.

Q. What reaction does this form of dancing have on a person's general health?

A. Like any other exercise, it is beneficial.

Q. What was the saddest disappointment you encountered when you were trying to make good in the movies?

A. The fact that I couldn't get a job. After I had made eight pictures in all, three of which were produced in California, I went for three months without work and began to feel that I never would find another job.

Q. How many hours a day do you practice dancing?

A. While preparing for a picture, I practice from nine or ten in the morning until six in the evening. Between pictures, I do not practice at all.

Q. What is your favorite remedy for the "blues?"

A. Cheery music.

Q. Who have been your dancing teachers and what types of dancing have you studied?

A. I have never had a dancing teacher and I have never made any systematic study of any type of dancing.

Q. Would you like to appear in a technicolor picture? If so, why?

A. Yes. Because I think technicolor undoubtedly will be in almost universal use before long and naturally I am anxious to meet this challenge.

Q. Is your singing recorded at a different time from the filming of the action, then combined in the finished movie?

A. That depends upon the circumstances attending each scene. Usually it is recorded while the scene is being filmed but occasionally that is impossible because of crowd noises or some other interference, and then the recording is made after the scene has been filmed.

Q. What is more valuable, a voice with inflection, or nice facial features?

A. Both are valuable but I believe that voice is the most important.

Q. Do you think that the movies could cause international hatred by putting on the screen such books as Sinclair Lewis' story, It Can't Happen Here?

A. Yes, I do. I think movies have a great influence.

Q. Are you satisfied with your career?

A. Yes. I have comfort, work and success.

And there you are. Your Inquiring Reporter confesses that even though he has interviewed Ginger on numerous occasions, he himself has gained much new information about her as a result of this questioning. And remember, next month Loretta Young takes the witness stand.

She was Beautiful

TILL HE HELD HER IN HIS ARMS...AND THEN..



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Here's new hope and courage for thousands of even "Naturally Skinny," weak, worn-out, haggard-looking men and women, whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. No longer need you pass up the opportunities for good times, for romance, and for friendships and associations which may mean so much to you, all because you are skinny, sickly and forever tired out. Science now says that one of the principal causes of this skinniness, this weakness, and these tired-out, rundown conditions is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE.

When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you . . . it just isn't turned into flesh, strength and energy. The result is you stay skinny, pale, tired out, run-down and nervous . . . and nobody loves a person who is always sick and complaining.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength-building—needs a definite ration of NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE all the time to regulate metabolism (the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.) Thousands say, "For NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol KELPAMALT"—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol KELPAMALT for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves! The color comes back into your cheeks. And—if you don't add at least 5 lbs. of solid, flattering flesh the first week, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Accept This Startling No Risk Offer!

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1. Improve Appetite.
2. Add at least 5 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh.
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4. Banish Ordinary Stomach Trouble.
5. Make You Sleep Sounder.
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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How to Add Flattering New Lbs. Quickly, Build Strength, Energy, and Cool, Calm Nerves. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE, Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 956, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.



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Kelpamalt *Tablets* Builds Extra Pounds ...New Strength and Energy

BY REPLACING MINERALS AND IODINE IN BLOOD & GLANDS

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

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TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

TATTOO



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FREE TEST—We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3022 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Color of your hair?.....

Joan Blondell's Covered Wagon Days

[*Continued from page* 43]

greeting us. But, unlike most such places, the room was split up in numerous small compartments, with walls reaching as high as six or seven feet.

"For forty cents, we took one of these tiny so-called rooms and hired four cots, on which the five of us slept. That ten cents saved on the fifth cot would go a long way toward paying for our breakfast of soda crackers. We always filled up on crackers whenever we could, so that we wouldn't feel hungry.

"FINALLY, after some months of travel—playing in the worst type of cheap theatres you can imagine, sometimes without even a dressing-room between us, driving through all kinds of weather and often being stuck in the mud—we reached New York.

"As we neared the east coast, we began to make better pay, and when we arrived in the big city Dad had enough to buy some scenery and a few props.

"Dad called up a booking agent and he promised to give us a try-out with the new act. We scoured New York for cheap quarters but the best we could do was a miserable little place for ninety dollars a month. And then, it was only one fair-sized room with two beds and a cot and a nook for a kitchenette.

"On the morning of the day we were to try-out, we awoke to find my brother gone. He had fallen in love with a girl in Texas and in the note he left said he was returning to marry her.

"Did that put us in a spot! We needed my brother to shift scenery and make a couple of appearances, and we didn't have money enough to pay for another boy. Consequently, we lost out, and there we were, with only a few dollars between us and starvation, and no prospect of an engagement.

"I haunted all the booking offices for weeks, going without lunches and beating my way home to save carfare. One morning, I passed a small circulating library and noticed the window was an awful mess. I went in and told the woman if she'd allow me I'd put it in order.

"'Do you want a job?' she asked. 'And how!' I replied. 'Okay, then, if you'll take twelve dollars a week you're hired.'

"That money was like manna from Heaven. It was only a pittance, but it did pay for a bit of food. Neither Mother nor Dad could get work of any kind, and there were shoes and a heavy coat and stockings to buy. Gloria, my sister, was only ten.

"I heard some girls says that Gimbel's, the department store, needed saleswomen and were paying eighteen dollars a week. I was down there at opening time the next morning and among those they hired. For three days I went through a sales course, then the store placed me in the misses' coats department.

"My luck there was nothing short of miraculous. I've always been able to sell myself to the public, and while selling coats in a store is a bit different from selling yourself to an audience in a theatre, still in some respects it's related. I managed to sell where other clerks failed.

"But, after only six days, I was fired—or would have been, probably, if I hadn't quit first—when the department manager heard me tell a customer, 'You look lousy in that. But here's a coat that really looks well on you.'

New approved formula

REMOVES FRECKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 134, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

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Every day your associates are judging you—by what you say and how you say it! Hazy ideas, ill-chosen words, halting sentences, crude, slovenly speech—these mark a man as loose in thinking. Thoughts clear-cut, words that give true shape and color, sentences aflame with power and originality—these are the things that proclaim ability, that win for their users swift advancement. Stop apologizing for poor English—it's inexcusable! In the quiet of your home—with LaSalle's help—you can learn to speak and write with real distinction, learn to make the words you utter and the letters you compose stamp you as educated, cultured, a power to reckon with in the business world. Complete details in an attractive 32-page book, "Effective Business English," sent you free upon request. Ask for it TODAY.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept 1030-BE, Chicago

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

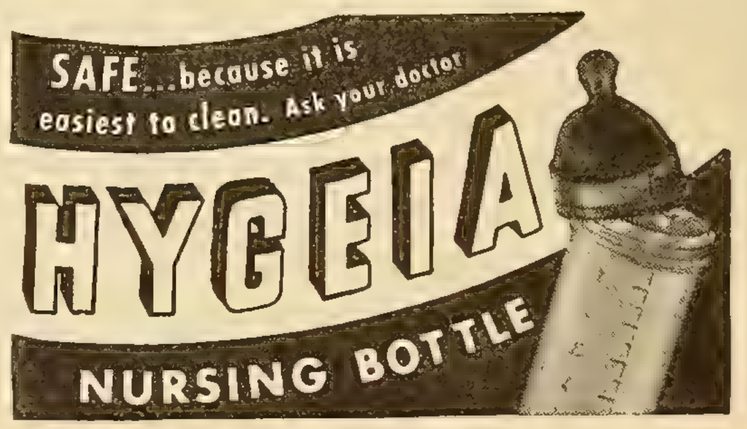
Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

PIMPLES From External Causes

Relieve the sore, itchy spots and help heal the ugly defects with—the tested medication in

Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 2a, Balto. Md.



"Returning to the library, I worked all day and spent my noon hours waiting in the offices of booking agents. Somebody told me of a cheap theatrical troupe that needed another player. It was way over in a remote section of Brooklyn, and required two hours to reach the house where they were rehearsing, but I got the job—or thought I did.

"FOR ten nights I rehearsed, going there from the library. We worked hard and far into the early morning hours and were to open within a few days. I was to get twenty-five dollars a week. On the eleventh night, I arrived to see a girl going through my part.

"'You're through,' the manager told me. 'Get out.' He wouldn't even let me ask why. I knew I was better than the other girl. But when I wouldn't go some man led me out.

"'Forget it, sister,' he said. 'The boss's sweetie is back in town and wants the job.' So there I was.

"I've never felt so down in the mouth. All that time and carfare wasted. It doesn't seem important now, but when you have only a few pennies, ten cents each way for carfare counts up. And I might have found something else.

"I kept working on at the library until another opening presented itself, likewise in Brooklyn. A small show needed girls.

"The manager saw what I could do and then suggested lunch. 'No thanks,' I begged off. 'So you're one of them there so-called virgins,' he sneered.

"'So I don't get the job?' I asked. "'Whatta you think, sister?' he snapped back, and told me to get out, fast.

"Ziegfeld was my next try. With several hundred other girls trying out, I managed to be in the last bunch from whom the chorus was to be selected. But I lost out here, because I couldn't dance well enough. I once fractured both my feet and since then haven't been able to dance as well as I once could. Besides, I was out of practice. That seemed to me to be the last straw. If I couldn't dance, then what *could* I do?"

Do you still think you could take it, you out there—and would you want to—if you were called upon to go through Joan's bitter experiences? Could you retain your sense of humor, even though cold and hungry and discouraged and on the verge of despair, like Joan has done, without once losing it? And would you be a better person for all the suffering, just as Joan admits she is as a result of all those terrible months and years?

You've heard the rest of Joan's story many times . . . how she finally won a place in the cast of the road company of *The Trial of Mary Dugan,* and for a year sent fifty dollars of her weekly seventy-five dollar pay check to her folks . . . how she entered the New York cast of *My Girl Friday* . . . and how she met Jimmy Cagney in the outer office of George Kelly, the writer-producer, and the same day was assigned by Kelly to the part in *Maggie the Magnificent* which was to bring her so sensationally to the attention of New York's theatrical world. All you've read, and more.

Small wonder that Joan Blondell is on top today. She's a trouper through and through. She knows life in its every stratum. But to get to the peak . . . what she had to go through!

Could you?

Read

The Hollywood Melting Pot
by Paul Muni
November MOVIE CLASSIC

This Girl

WON

the **MAY**

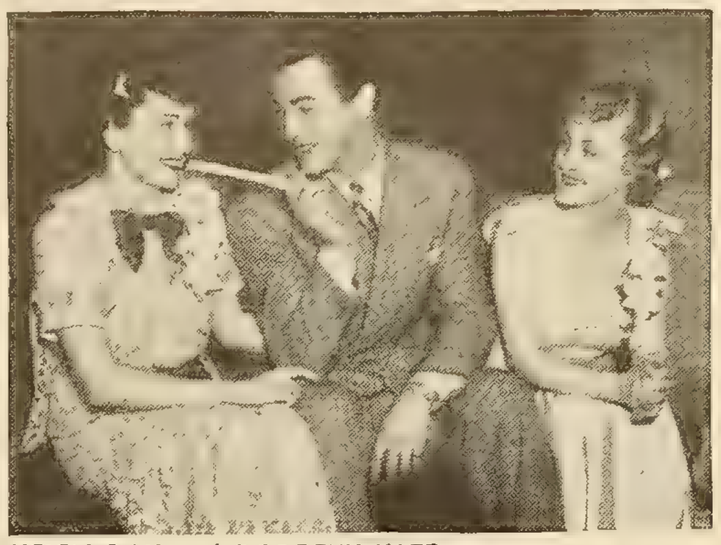
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. . . and will have an opportunity to appear in a Walter Wanger Production.



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HELEN DAX and DOROTHY KATE BROWN, "Search for Talent" winners, chat with ROBERT TAYLOR in Hollywood.

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Win a FREE screen test and $50 in cash. Winners selected every month and at least one of the winners will make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger production at the United Artists' Studios in Hollywood.



MADELEINE CARROLL and GEORGE BRENT as they appear in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames", A Walter Wanger Production.

IT'S a thrilling opportunity . . . a chance for film fame . . . a chance to work for Walter Wanger, the producer who was responsible for such pictures as "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Case Against Mrs. Ames!!"

HOLD-BOB invites *you* to enter its "Search for Talent", co-sponsored by Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play. You may enter as many times as you wish . . . contest closes December 31, 1936.

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Words cannot describe the emotional beauty these PICTURE RINGS express. Artistically fashioned by hand, like a delicate gem, a special, secret process *fuses* the clear, faithful lifelike portrait within the very ring itself, so that light, heat, water, dirt, tarnish, nicks or scratches can never mar its everlasting luster. GUARANTEED! Practically unbreakable for life. Looks like $10.00 value, sells regularly for $2.00. SPECIAL introductory offer for a limited time only—99c.

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Enclosed is photo. Rush my individually made Picture Ring. I will pay postman only 99c, plus postage, on delivery. If I am not more than delighted with the ring, I may return it in 5 days, and you will refund the full purchase price.

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MILLIONS USE **"HUSH"** *for* **BODY ODORS**

Those who are fastidious and immaculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.



4 Kinds
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Nelson Eddy's Rescue Mission

[*Continued from page* 41]

Again, when Evelyn Herbert of operetta fame was in Hollywood Nelson helped her, too, to snap out of a singer's dilemma. Evelyn had been brought out by RKO for a test. The test was made at the cost of $1,300 and a whole day, and Evelyn was to hear the verdict within ten days. The tenth day came and went and the option was not taken up, and on the eleventh day Evelyn's doctor ordered her to bed. Her throat was inflamed and raw, she could scarcely speak above a whisper, and the doctor predicted quinzy. Evelyn's agent tried to soothe her with the information that her test had been good, and that she did have possibilities, but that RKO had signed Lily Pons and they felt one artist would fill the singing bill for the time. But that, he said, was the only reason they hadn't signed her. Naturally the bigger name would be chosen first. If he expected this to be balm to her rasped throat, he was mistaken. Evelyn's spirit fell and her temperature went up.

A WEEK or two later, when she was up and around, but still whispering, some friends announced a party for her. At first Evelyn demurred. She couldn't, wouldn't go. Everybody knew about her test. Or so she thought. But finally she was dissuaded of that idea, and went. Usually vivacious and exuberant, she was not at all herself, that night, and sat dismally in a corner most of the evening, until one Nelson Eddy sat down beside her.

"I hear you've been having a siege with your throat. I'm sorry," he said. And Evelyn proceeded to tell him her troubles. "Wait a minute," Nelson interrupted her in the middle of her story. "Let me tell you the rest. So the doctor came and took one look at you and shook his head, and said, 'You're a very sick young lady, my dear.' And *gratefully* you took to your bed. And people began to call and send you flowers and your nurse told them how ill you were, and you could just lie back there and think to yourself, 'Now they know it's because of my throat, because I've lost my voice, that I'm not in pictures!'"

For a moment Evelyn looked as though she were very much tempted to slap his face. She said redly, and angrily, "You mean you think I was lying about my throat! Don't you know that I can't sing even now, and that was two weeks ago!"

"I know that," Nelson nodded. "And I don't mean that you were lying. Not at all. I just mean that you lost your voice because you wanted to lose it. You thought it had failed you. You were disgusted with it. Tired of it. *Psychologically, you wanted to use the losing of it as an excuse.* If you *really* wanted to get your voice back, you could, you know."

"How?" said Evelyn, thoughtfully, and earnestly, won over now.

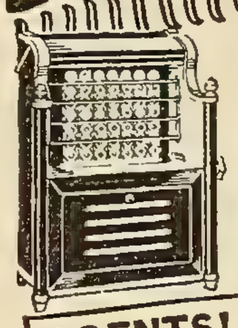
"By getting rid of your pride."

"How do you know all this?" Her tone indicated that he was right.

"Because I've been through it myself. Seems to me I've gone through everything myself."

And therein, actually, lies the reason why Nelson Eddy does find time and interest for other singers who haven't yet hit the stride he has hit. He recognizes their problems and helps them find solutions, just as he helped Evelyn Herbert find her voice again, because—wonder of wonders—he remembers *his* yesterday's problems. That's what makes Nelson Eddy one of the most remarkable personalities in Hollywood.

HEAT 1½¢ Per Hour!



AMAZING INVENTION—New Radiant Heater. Burns 96% air. Makes its own gas. No piping. No installation. Gives roomful of clean, healthful, penetrating heat, like sunshine, for 1½ cents an hour. Hotter than gas or electricity, at 1-10th the cost. Easy to light and operate. No smoke. No soot or ashes. No odor. Portable—carry it anywhere. **Low priced.** Guaranteed.

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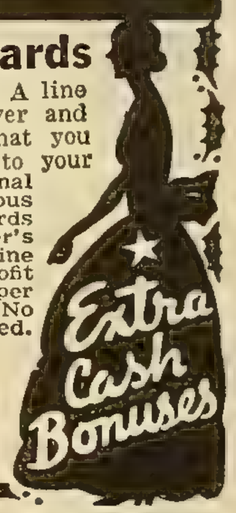
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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 709, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Indiana

A Date With Romance
The Beauty Shop

[*Continued from page* 46]

In the outer corner of Lucille's eye is drawn a tiny triangle and the black outline filled in with flesh colored paint on the point of a brush. Thus the eye assumes a long, fascinating look. Faint lines penciled next to the lashes, above and below, are blended with the fingertips into a faint shadow. "The eyes need a frame as well as the face," says Berns. "The face is framed by the hair and the eyes should be framed by accentuating the lashes."

MASCARA next (3) with an upward stroke of the brush. Then the lashes are coaxed to curl divinely upward and brushed to silky smoothness. A small stick, tipped with cotton, does duty in removing flecks of mascara that fly willy nilly below the eyes or on the lids. "In making up the face, start at the top and work down," is Berns' advice.

It's just an old Chinese brush (4) that creates those enticing lips. Dipped in lipsalve (or a little cold cream and your favorite lipstick) the tip of the brush is used to outline the lips and broaden the bow in a luscious curve. Fill in with broader treatment—so that smiling does not reveal a line of demarcation.

To complete the make-up equipment is a brush for powder (5) to whisk it evenly over the entire face and throat and another brush for rouge to blend the color subtly far out on the cheekbones. "Rouge should be applied to the highest point on the face," says Berns, voicing a simple formula to solve that oft-repeated question. "Never should it extend into the shadows around the eye."

Wearing beauty like a star on her brow, Lucille mirrors a smile of appreciation for Mel Berns—too busy with the final arrangement of a rhinestone comb to notice.

See Page 60 for Alison Alden's Recommended Beauty Aids

A Date With Romance
The Costumers

[*Continued from page* 47]

is of all time." Little did he realize that he was also striking the keynote of fashions, because a good and sound style which is of its own time, is as truly of all time as the person who comprehends his own world.

This, of course, applies to fundamentals and the methods of adopting and adapting these basic laws of dress must vary with each season and each successive generation. Usually, irregardless of masculine jibes, styles reflect fundamentals which are based on the laws of sanity.

The laws themselves are founded on a few simple principles—namely, that the current fashion should express the feeling and the need of the hour and activity; that it should never be conspicuous by its eccentricity, but always obvious by its discrimination; and that above all, it should be graceful, comfortable and practical. Hollywood, rapidly becoming the world's style center, is concentrating nowadays on fashions which emphasize romance.

EVERY NIGHT SHE CRIED HERSELF TO SLEEP



—then she learned how thousands have gained 10 to 25 lbs. QUICK!

NOW there's no longer any excuse for thousands to remain skinny, laughed at and friendless. For hosts of people who thought they were "born to be skinny," and who never could gain an ounce before, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with this new, easy treatment—*in just a few weeks!*

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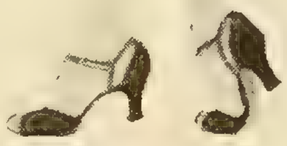
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Hollywood Fought for Him

[*Continued from page 25*]

shouldered and deep-chested, but he exercises moderately. Chiefly tennis and golf.

FOREST speaks freely of his first impressions of Hollywood. He finds too much emphasis placed on the social side of life in the community. He finds that it is difficult to be individual, for he who attempts to live his own life in his own way either is tagged as eccentric, a poseur, or a recluse. This makes for people of a pattern; the women are all alike in thoughts, action, conversation and dress; the men, wittingly or not, seem to have been pressed by the same mold.

"But please don't think me a critic," he pleads. "It's merely that for many years I have been accustomed to a different routine. I went to Italy to study voice, not because the teachers there are any bit superior to the better teachers in the United States, but because I was quite serious in my desire to become a fairly good singer. I'm still serious about my work. It comes first.

"In the early part of 1925, after several years devoted as much to business as to music—I've always had to earn my living, of course—I suddenly found myself in the category of 'the successful young business man.' I was a bachelor, acquainted widely with younger members of the Wall street crowd, and I found my time not my own. I constantly was receiving invitations which I could not afford to refuse, and of course had to entertain frequently in turn. That is why I sold my business and went to Europe, and why I was content to remain there ten years."

Forest first went to Florence, where he had been given letters of introduction to the family of a retired Italian army officer, General A. Capello, and his family of a wife and two daughters of 18 and 20. Forest became a member of this family, which occupied a large villa on the outskirts of Florence, and for two years he devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of the Italian and French tongues, both of which were spoken in the household.

"Language is the basis of all singing," Forest explains, "so this two year period of preparatory study was essential to the furtherance of my plan. Naturally I studied voice during this same time."

After two years in Florence, Forest went to Milan, and a year later he made his debut in Faenza, one of the smaller Italian cities, in the opera *La Boheme*. Study under such masters as Mario Ancona, Guieppi Luca, Mario Sammerco, Ferdinando Carpi and Frederico del Cupulo had prepared Forest for this event.

To build his career gradually, which is considered the better plan for an operatic singer, the young American continued with the smaller companies in the less populous cities, increasing his repertory with each passing month.

IN 1931 one of his greatest ambitions, and the ambition of all singers, was realized. He was offered an engagement at La Scala, traditional world capitol of the opera, a cathedral of music whose great stage has brought fortune and fame to more signers than any other in the world.

But with this joy came tragic disappointment, which later proved a boon.

Forest's first work at La Scala was to be in the Humperdink opera, *The King's Son*. He and another tenor, longer established and with a wide following in Milan, were to alternate in the leading tenor role.

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From the outset Forest was conscious of a certain feeling of trepidation. He was not without personal confidence in his ability, but he felt that the opera itself would not be as popular as many others he would have preferred for a La Scala debut.

'My fears proved justified," he recalls. "The established tenor, one of great ability and high reputation, was to sing the first two presentations, I was to sing in the third and fourth. The opera was not re-undertaken after the first performance."

This did not disturb Forest as much as it might. In fact he, from a purely selfish standpoint, was glad that it had happened to another rather than himself, for audiences everywhere are inclined to blame the individuals on the stage rather than the author when a play is mediocre. His next experience, however, was a real blow.

He was handed the score of a new opera, one never before produced at La Scala, and was told that if the tenor role in it pleased him, it, instead of the Humperdink opus, was to be the vehicle for his debut.

"You can imagine how carefully I studied it," he said. "I pored over it for days, every word, every note. The more time I gave to this microscopic scrutiny, the stranger became the impression I had gained from a first quick reading. I had a premonition that this work, also, would be indifferently received. In fact I felt it would be a flop. And if it should happen to be my misfortune to make my LaScala bow in something that would not be well received, that would be the end of my career. For in Italy, where everyone in every walk of life knows opera and good musicianship and loves it, such things can happen all too easily to young singers.

"I told the managing director of La Scala how I felt. He readily and graciously saw my viewpoint, disagreed with me, of course, and permitted me to withdraw with assurances of a future chance.

"MY hunch, if you wish to call it such, was borne out. The opera, *Favorite of the King,* was presented with another young and untried tenor in the part I was to have sung. It was received with worse than apathy by the audience; the critics ripped it wide open. That poor fellow has not stepped on La Scala stage since that time. It will take him five more years to re-establish himself there, for the Italian public and critics are unforgiving of a bad performance, which in this case surely was not all the fault of the singer."

It is this fear that has Forest worried in Hollywood. The opera-goers of America are far more generous than their Italian brothers or sisters. A young singer can give an uninspired performance at the Metropolitan, the Cincinnati, or the Chicago Opera, and he or she quickly will be forgiven and offered another chance. But the American motion picture public is something else.

"Two or three thousand persons at the most see you give a bad performance in a theater. Maybe you have a headache that night, or some trouble at the bank. The next night you feel yourself, and win flattering applause. But you are permitted but one chance on the screen. There you are, good or bad, on permanent celluloid, and you have no chance to correct mistakes. When I think what I'm up against it's far worse than stage fright. It's absolute terror."

But as he says this you never lose the feeling that this virile, handsome chap, has other than absolute confidence in himself. Not a cocky, arrogant confidence. Just assurance in his own ability and a consciousness of his natural limitations.

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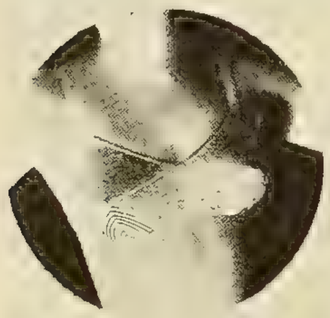
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Adventures of An Extra Girl

[*Continued from page 37*]

He looked at me sternly and said, "Yeah, the 'Killer!'"

Now I know that's only a nickname and all in fun and all that sort of thing but when a man looks at you like that and says "Killer" what does a girl do? She does what I did—grins feebly and says, "You're right! It *is* a hot day!"

He's with Mack and George a lot and proceeded to tell me about them. They quarrel a great deal—principally because Mack (who lives with George) won't take any pride in his room! "For two years," says George, "I've tried to get Mack to fix up his room. His drapes are lousy! But does he care? What will people think of my house if they get a peek at Mack's room?" And finally, "Who's boss around here anyway?" And Mack grins and goes serenely on his way.

The boy said George was the most generous person he's ever known. He told me that when George was making a personal appearance in New York it didn't take long for people to discover just how kind he is. And after every performance there were people outside the theatre—and inside, if they could make it—with hard-luck stories. Often they had their gas and light bills (which they couldn't pay) to show George, and the boy said it was amazing how much money changed hands that way.

I think that's grand!

His clothes must be just right. "Is this all right?" "Does that hang straight?" Are his shoes too pointed? Does the sole come out too far? "Half the time," says the boy, "I don't know what he's talkin' about! But I should argue with George Raft? And whether he's fussy or he ain't, he's one swell guy!"

NOW coming from a hard-boiled extra that's really sump'n'! We hear so much palaver—and every so often our movie favorites turn out to be such stuffed shirts. I hate to admit it, but it's true. And if that disillusions you, you'll have to mark it down as one of Life's minor tragedies. The one consolation is that on the whole they are real people. And after all, you get an occasional So-and-So in *every* walk of life!

Margaret Sullavan is real—so real that for a long time Hollywood couldn't understand her. The first day I was on a set with her she ate her lunch perched at the counter with the crew! Now that remark may not leave you gasping but if you knew how some of the languid ladies of the screen spend their lunch hour you'd see what I'm driving at. Usually the star, followed by a solicitous maid, retires to her dressing-room. She rests; she nibbles at a perfectly-served lunch; then (when the spirit moves!) she returns to the set. But none of that for young Dynamo Sullavan! During her lunch hour I saw her first, on a bike, then on a horse and finally on a motorcycle, going around the studio lot like mad—and hanging on for dear life. She left herself just enough time for her usual salad and glass of milk. Then back on the set for more work!

And speaking of lunch (pardon me if I seem to dwell on lunch and food—you get that way from being an extra girl!), reminds me of an amusing incident that happened a short time ago "on location."

The spot was the desert—and really, starting out, we looked like a caravan; five hundred extras to be transported, sound truck, cameras, crew and of course the all-important lunch wagons. On location the studio must supply the lunch so the wagons are set up in a conspicuous place just outside the scene of action. The director of the picture was a Russian, Boleslawsky. Now Mr. Boleslawsky not only sports a

very artistic temperament but a thick and heavy accent as well—so thick and heavy that at first we had some trouble in understanding him.

He must have everything "pair-fect!" So instead of trusting his assistants, he himself started "placing" the extra people; three people must stand here, so! Four more must sit there, so! With all that care and thought it took plenty of time to place 500 extras. Hours were spent doing this, in fact the whole morning! Finally, everybody was in position and everything just right to suit the artistic temperament of Mr. Boleslawsky!

Then into the center of it all were placed two of the principal actors who were supposed to be fighting a duel. When a certain word was called by Boleslawsky the actors were to follow directions at once and start fencing, the cameras were to grind and the extras to close in and show intense interest. Unfortunately the word chosen by Mr. Boleslawsky to start the duel was "Lunge"—for when it issued from his lips as *"Lonch"* every one of the 500 extras dashed from his place to—the lunch wagons!

I have a strange feeling that what he called us in Russian wasn't very nice!

OCCASIONALLY a director rides and harries a member of his cast in order to get what he wants out of a scene. If the player is important, sparks begin to fly. I was once on a set with Barbara Stanwyck when the director started in—"No, no, Barbara! That's not at all what I *want!"* On and on it went—and Barbara was tiring under the strain of so much rehearsing. Finally one of the scenes called for a hurried entrance, followed by a highly dramatic speech. At the first rehearsal the director said, "Oh please! Put some *umph* into it—this is *supposed* to be dramatic!" The second rehearsal was stopped by the director yelling, "Try it again! And put some *umph* into it!"

Again it was gone through (beautifully, this time) and the director cried, "That's it! That's got some *umph!* Now we'll 'take' it!"

Lights were set, everything was ready and the director yelled, "Action!" At that the red-headed star made her entrance to the middle of the set; she cast one baleful glance at the director and, with all the drama in the world, cried, *"Umph!"* And walked off the set!

It isn't always amusing, however. Tragedies happen—even to movie stars! There was one day on a set I shall never forget. One of the principal roles was being played by a newcomer from Broadway. She had one very important scene which the director was anxious to "shoot" that day and as six o'clock neared everybody was working like mad to finish. At last the camera was set and lights were adjusted. Just as they were ready to shoot, an assistant director handed the girl a telegram which had just been delivered. She read it, put it in her pocket and walked onto the set. Then she proceeded to give the grandest performance I've ever witnessed. She went through her scene without a hitch and when she reached the part where she was to burst into tears she did it so realistically that we were all close to weeping.

Never, we said, had we seen such acting.

When the scene was over and the director called, "Cut!" even the crew burst into applause. To our surprise the girl paid no attention, but continued to sit at the table, sobbing as though her heart would break. The director went over to her and said, "My dear, it's all over! You were magnificent!"

For reply the girl put her hand in her pocket and brought out the telegram which she passed over to the director.

It told her that in New York her small son had been killed that morning in an automobile accident.

ON top of that news she'd had the courage and the will power to go through her scene—but once the bars were down and the tears had started, it was simply more than she could control.

That, my friends, is known as "intestinal fortitude!"

Of course, the different stars have different ways of reacting to the situation and it's always interesting to watch. I gape and "tin-ear" like anything when a star is on the set—but when they repair to their dressing-rooms, I needs must take my gaping and tin-earring some place else. So I watch the camera being set up; I hear an electrician yell something about a "Lupe"—that's a very hot light named after Lupe Velez!

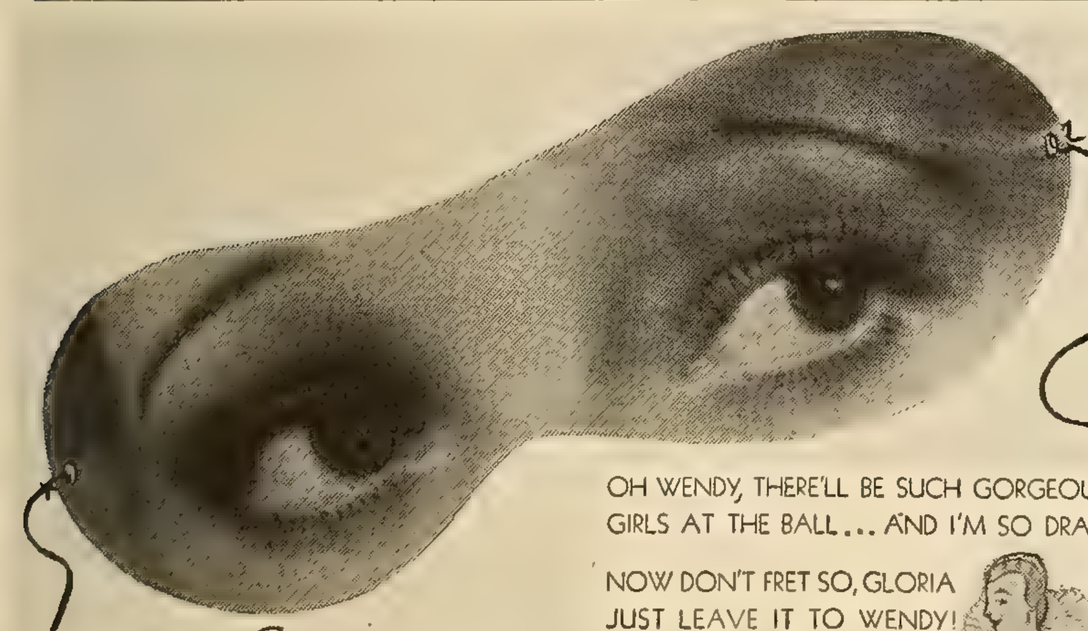
And then there are always the other extras! Pointed out to me, among the extra ranks, is a faded blonde whose only bid for fame is that she once had a date with Vanentino!

In back of me are two extras talking. One just returned from London. Upon inquiry all he can seem to remember about a seven months' sojourn is that the "pubs" closed at eleven and, gosh, the fog!

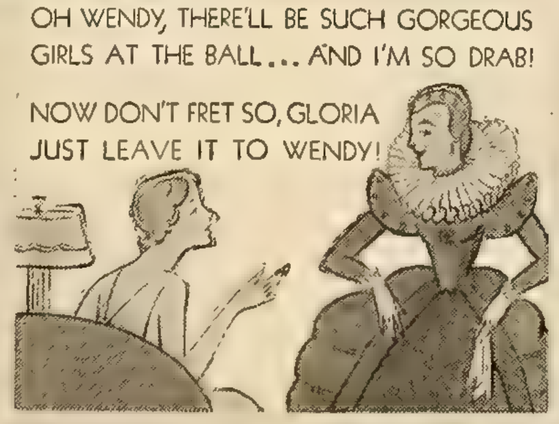
In front of me two girls are talking. One is going to change her name. She likes Dolores but she's going to take Joan—it's so "society!"

Really, you meet the most interesting people!

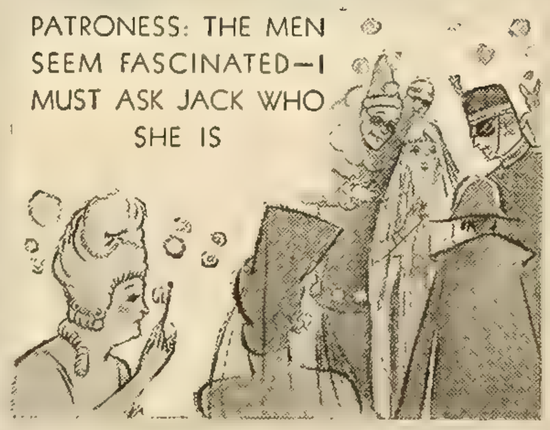
As for me, sometimes I get discouraged and wonder if it's worth it. At a time like that I feel like Baby Leroy, who, upon being asked by Shirley Temple how old he was replied, "Three years old! *And what have I got to show for it?"*



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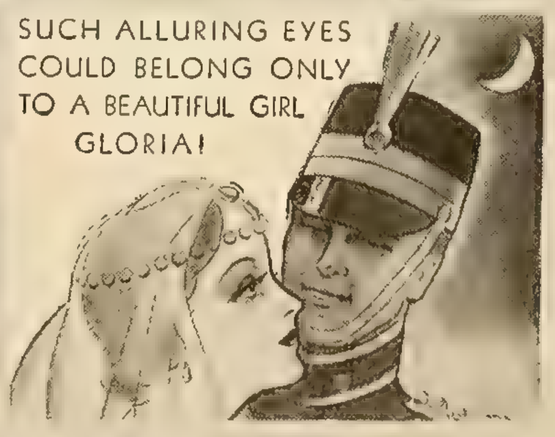












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Laughs On The Cobb

[*Continued from page* 33]

And when they call me for retakes, I won't be there!"

(The boast was not idle. As I write this, I am advised by a harassed studio that Irvin Cobb is missing. They want him for retakes of the tomato-in-the-eye scene. It seems the tomato they used wasn't ripe enough to photograph well, and they want to hit him with a tomato into which the studio makeup department has squirted black ink, so it will make a real gooey picture. But Cobb is gone, and has left no forwarding address. You'll see the anaemic tomato hit Mr. Cobb when you see *Pepper.)*

HOWEVER, despite his wails, the Hollywood life of Irvin Cobb isn't all vegetables-in-the-optic and falls-on-the-you-know-what. For Irvin Cobb, who ranks now as Hollywood's best-loved citizen, and who most nearly fills the place of Will Rogers, finds life as a movie-actor really delightful, interesting, thrilling, despite his professional yawps to the contrary.

He lives in Garbo's house. He sleeps in Garbo's bed. When you ask him how it feels to sleep in Garbo's bed, he looks around to see if ladies are within earshot. If they are, he won't tell you. If they aren't, he tells you. But since ladies will probably read this story, I can't tell you what Mr. Cobb tells you when ladies aren't around.

Of course—or did you know it?—Garbo doesn't live there any more, herself! What I mean is that Mr. Cobb has taken to himself the house where Garbo used to live, before she t'ank she go home, this last time. Mr. Cobb gets a giggle out of the story of the lady who lives next door. She has two children. When Garbo used to be their neighbor, the lady tells Mr. Cobb, her little son came running to her one sunny morning, shouting:

"Oooh, mama—that lady next door is out in her yard without any clothes on again!"

But this story isn't about Garbo, so let's skip that. This is about Irvin Cobb, and what he's in Hollywood for. As a matter of fact, he doesn't really understand that himself. He came to Hollywood first, he complains, under false pretenses—and he's still here under the same.

"The false pretenses the first time," he explains, "weren't mine; they were Hal Roach's. He got me out here, pretending he wanted me to *write* for movies. When he got me here, he revealed that he wanted me to *act* in 'em! Hell! I've been here ever since, but this time, the false pretense is mine. I pretend I'm an actor, but hell . . . ! ! "

It was nobody else but grand old Will Rogers himself who helped boost Cobb into feature pictures. Under the Hal Roach false pretense arrangement, Cobb managed to escape acting save in one of four two reelers he wrote for the producer. After the experiment, Roach and Cobb told each other good-bye by mutual consent.

Then one day, Will Rogers came to him and drawled: "Say, Irv; how about playing a steamboat cap'n in my next picture?"

"Don't," remonstrated Cobb, "try any of your funny cracks on me."

"But I mean it," insisted Will. "Look-ahere—if you take the part, we can just have a swell time together on the picture, and we'll get paid for it besides."

That was the clincher. Cobb took the part. For Director John Ford, it was tough. Because neither Cobb nor Rogers bothered to read the script. Ford didn't discover it until they were on the deck of the steamboat on the Sacramento River location.

"We were all dressed up in our clown suits," Cobb tells it, "when Ford asked us like this: 'Gentlemen, I don't want to seem morbidly curious, but—have either of you gentlemen read the script of this picture we're supposed to make?"

"Naw," grinned Rogers.

"Nope," grunted Cobb.

"Have either of you the faintest idea of what it's all about?" pleaded Ford.

"No; we've decided to approach it with an open mind," explained Cobb. Then he turned to Will Rogers, and said: "See here, Bill; I'll make a deal with you. You think up a line for me to say, and I will do the same for you . . . "

"Gentlemen," interrupted Ford, "that's all very nice of you. It's just awfully nice of you. But would you do me a favor? I don't want to interfere, but would you every so often—just every half hour, say—just mention something about the plot?"

And that's the way they left it. That's the way they made *Steamboat Round the Bend.* Cobb and Rogers had one grand time—and both grinned when, as Bill had cannily told Cobb, they got paid for it!

COBB comes closest to real tears (not crocodile tears, like the luncheon sequence, but honest-to-god man's tears) when he talks of Will Rogers. These two, rivals for the title of America's Top Humorist, were close friends. They loved each other with that depth of respect and admiration and liking and warmth that marks man's deepest friendships. And they were always playing tricks on each other. Cobb told me about the time Rogers was to make a radio broadcast, and invited him to the broadcasting studio. Cobb, unsuspecting, went. And was horrified to hear Rogers announce, without preliminary warning, that Cobb was to share the day's broadcast with him!

Then, during that intermission when an orchestra plays, Rogers went to his portable typewriter and painfully, one-fingeredly as always, clicked out some questions he was going to ask Cobb before the mike. He handed the sheet to Cobb to work out some answers before they went on the air.

Just as they took their place at the mike, Rogers asked, aside, what his answers were going to be.

"Hell, you don't think I'm going to show you my answers, do you?" roared Cobb.

Rogers grinned devilishly.

"H'm, so that's it," he whispered. And when they got on the air, Rogers didn't ask him a single one of the pre-arranged questions, but crossed him up instead with the darndest set of queries he'd ever had to answer on the spot, Cobb grins.

Despite all his plaints, Cobb really loves movie acting. It's characteristic of him that he does. His whole life has been spent, seeking the thrill of new things to do. The story of his life has been told before; I needn't bore you with it here. But he admits that he regards life as a never-to-be-ended adventure . . .

"I love the lure of the always something different," he explains, when you catch him in a serious moment. I've tried being an artist, newspaperman, reporter, editor, cartoonist, writer of short stories, books, lecturer, after-dinner speaker, fisherman—and

now movie acting. I've loved each new angle, each new phase of life's game."

In his private life, Cobb loves laziness. He says his greatest joy in life would be to just loaf—except that he isn't sure, because he's never tried it. Never had time. When he works at his typewriter, he wears the world's funniest smock. He had it specially made. It hasn't any buttons on it, because when he works, he plays with whatever buttons he can get his fingers on. He used to twist all the buttons off his suits before he took to wearing smocks. Then he twisted the buttons off the smocks. So finally, he invented a buttonless smock, and that's what he wears now.

THERE is, about him, something of the same aura of human love that distinguished Will Rogers. Just as Will, even in his most caustic moments, was never offensive because everything he said was so patently flavored with that human kindness and friendly-kidding touch, just so is Irvin Cobb never offensive, even in his own most satirical bursts—or his most rabelaisan sallies. He has the reputation of being not only the funniest and the kindest man in Hollywood, but also the bawdiest-spoken, when the company is right. Most of his funniest cracks can't ever be printed. But throughout Hollywood, they're laughed at, every hour of every day. And no matter what the joke, no matter what it's about, Cobb puts it over with that indefinable touch that makes it funny, never unpleasant.

He has definite aversions, regrets, likes.

His pet aversion, on a big scale, he says, is a religious bigot. "A religious bigot," he says, explosively, "is the lowest form of animal life." On a small scale, his chief hate is a person who hears what you say, looks right at you, but pretends not to hear what you're saying.

His biggest regret in life is what his family did to him what they named him Irvin! His dad's name was Joshua, and old Joshua Cobb wanted his son named after him. "But the wimmen-folk thought Joshua was old-fashioned; they were romantic, and they picked out the name of Irvin for me! Irvin, imagine that! Hell—if I'd been named Joshua, I'd have had the greatest 'natural' humorist's name in the world—Josh Cobb. I got cheated!"

Now, as a movie actor, he's ready for anything it may bring. Being a man of the world, he's prepared for anything and everything. He's even prepared for the inevitable question, put to any and all movie-players, be they seven or seventy—What About Your Love Life?

Irvin Cobb's love-life will never make the front pages of any newspapers. Divorce is just something, to him, that other movie actors go for. He married only once—, that was when he was a reporter nearly twoscore years ago. He took time off and married Laura Baker, of an old Savanah, Georgia, family. The only time since then that Laura Baker hasn't been by his side was when he turned her back to her parents for a while, borrowed $150 from them, and went to New York to get a job. As soon as he got the job, he sent for Laura and paid back the $150.

They have one daughter—Elizabeth. She's married, and has three children. One of them, the five-year-old boy, is named Irvin Cobb Brody. The grandchildren are Cobb's greatest delights.

Irvin calls every girl he meets "honey," but that's an old southern custom.

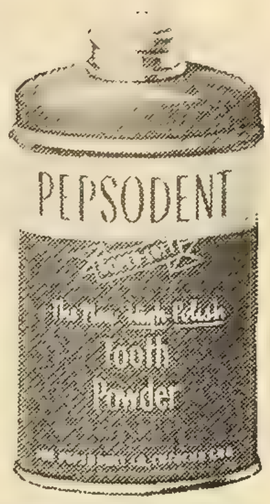
And that is as wide afield as Irvin Cobb's love life goes.

"Sex appeal? Well, I've heard a man has to have it to be a success on the screen," he grunts, "but hell! All *I've* got is dandruff . . . !"

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Hollywood's "No" Girl

[*Continued from page 32*]

who didn't have to wear it. Her courage and her determination were rewarded with that priceless gift to any individual, child or grown—she stood out from the crowd.

In childhood, these matters were just Gloria's rebellion against specific things. With maturity came her realization that all of the things she *didn't want* could be lumped under one general classification. That was the classification which you may head Uniformity; Conformity; Mediocrity; Ordinariness . . . .

She *didn't want* to do things just because other people did them; she *didn't want* to adhere to accepted conventions and behavior. She *didn't want* to be just another ordinary, pretty girl, living another ordinary life.

AND, purely because of that, she made the turn that set her on the road to her present success. She turned to acting. In the stage, the theater, she found the escape from the mediocrity she didn't want.

It was in high school that she first began to act. She carried it with her into college, at Berkeley, California. She played prominent parts, often the lead, in all the school and university productions. But even here, in her active escape, she still wouldn't take what she didn't want. When they gave her a rôle she *didn't want,* or told her to act a certain part in a way she didn't want to act it, she rebelled. And, as always, she stuck to her guns. Part of the time, she got away with it—they either changed her rôle, or capitulated to her idea of how to play it. But just as often, she didn't get away with it—she was fired from the cast by an irate director.

"But I don't think that was defeat for me," she says now, in retrospect. "I think it was victory. If I had given in, and done as they wanted me to and as I did NOT want to, I'd have been the loser. I'd have lost my individuality; I'd have taken the easier way—and become just another puppet. I didn't. I fought against what I didn't want, and wouldn't take it."

Oh, she made mistakes. Naturally enough. She used to make the mistake of letting her temper get the best of her. Temper (spell it temperament, if you want to) so easily masters a person who runs life on the "don't want" plan. One day, in a temper, Gloria swished past a mirror. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of herself. She stopped, appalled at the contorted, ugly face that glared back at her from the looking glass.

"Good God," she said, *"I don't want* to look like that."

She relaxed the rage-distorted lines of her face. She smiled, to wipe out the horrible caricature she had seen. Suddenly, with the act, she realized her anger had vanished, along with the face it had made! She had learned something. From that day on, she has had her temper under control—for whenever she feels it getting the upper hand, she remembers that she *doesn't want* to look the way she does when she's mad.

Now, it's strangely fitting in this story of the girl who knew what she didn't want, that early in life, she learned she could not make good on the obverse plan of life. She learned she could not be THE GIRL WHO KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS AND GETS IT.

Lesson No. 1 came while she was still in high school. She suddenly decided she wanted a certain handsome young professor,

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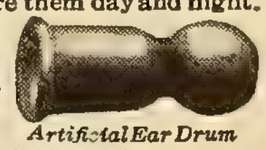
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all for herself. It was a schoolgirl crush, but it was terribly big and serious to Gloria. She *wanted* him. And she set out to get him. She wrote him notes, she sent him gifts, she called him up, she made every opportunity to be in his company.

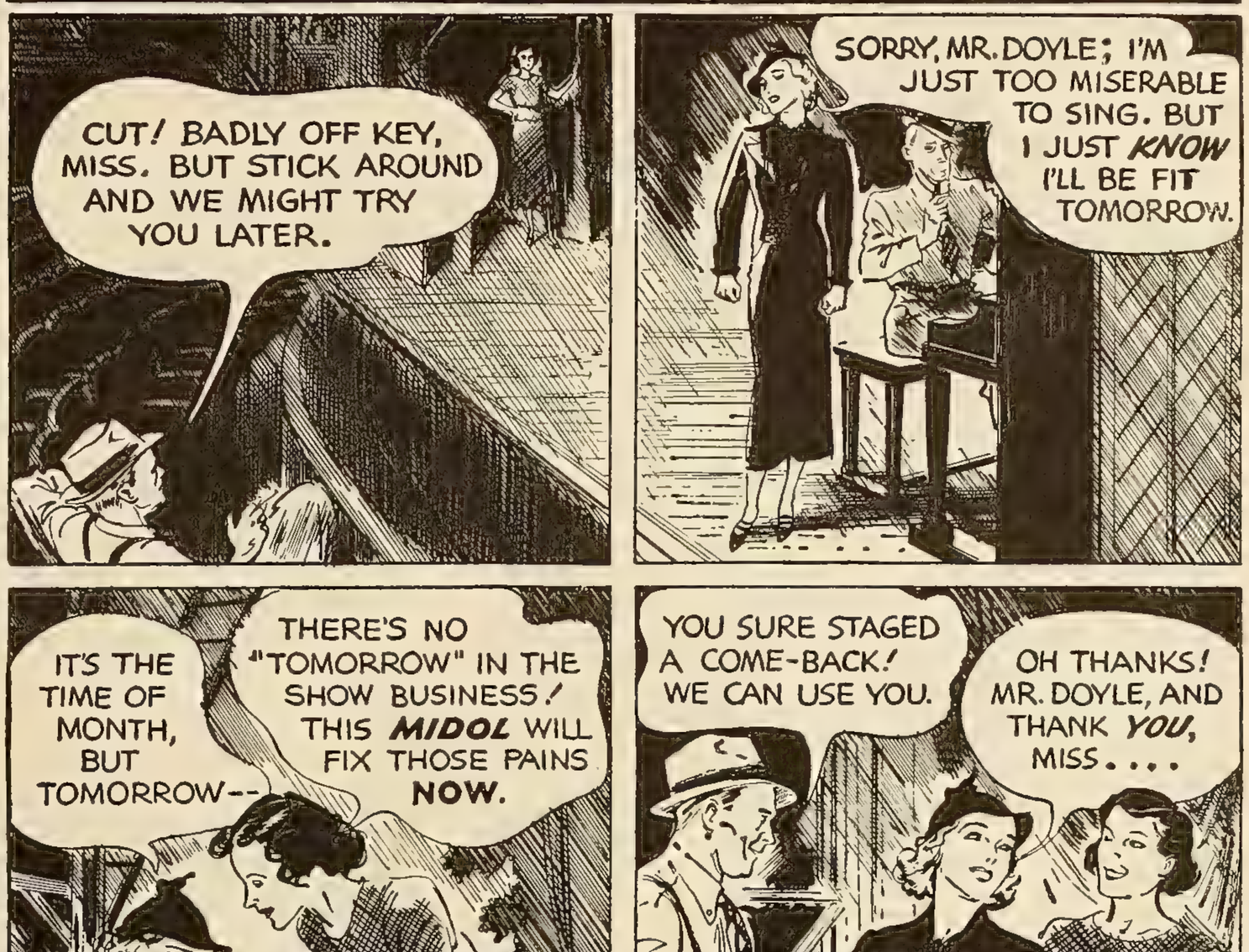
That was all right enough—but the professor was married. The professor's wife raised the devil. She threatened divorce and public scandal. Gloria, finally, was expelled —until she got over her crush. Or until she learned she couldn't have what she wanted. Or anyway, until she discovered she *didn't want* to be on the wrong end of any situation. Then she went back to school, forgot the prof, and behaved herself . . . . .

—— until she went to Berkeley to live, as a co-ed. She suddenly decided that she wanted to live life in her own way. She wanted to make whoopee. So she rented a cottage 'way out in the Berkeley Hills, where the neighbors couldn't bang on the walls if she threw a wild party. She wanted to throw wild parties. So she started by throwing one. It WAS wild. Not until the middle of it and its wildest moment did Gloria learn that even 'way out there in the hills, she had a neighbor—and that that neighbor happened to be, of all things, a Berkeley policewoman! That party landed Gloria and her guests in the jailhouse. And Gloria had learned Lesson No. 2 about not being able to have what she wanted, willy-nilly! And so, from then on, Gloria applied herself to the basis of not taking what she DID NOT want . . . . .

TODAY, she's still living on that basis. Her life is ordered and planned and lived on that basis. She's even planning her future on it. She doesn't want, you see, to come to the end of her career and find herself without any interest in life. She's seen other players hit that spot, and fade.

[*Continued on page* 84]

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Hollywood's "No" Girl

[*Continued from page* 83]

She doesn't want to be "it" herself. And so she is closing a deal now to buy a newspaper—a weekly, in central California. When she quits the screen, she's going to edit and run that newspaper. She doesn't want to sit back and do nothing; so she's already assuring herself that no matter what happens, she won't have to do what she doesn't want to.

IN little things and big things, she lives out the don't want plan. She doesn't like diamonds; so her husband had to give her an engagement ring with, instead of diamonds, a star ruby. She doesn't want to gain weight, nor does she want to diet. Here she was up against a dilemma—two things she did not want (and they conflicted. But she stuck to her guns—and believe it or not, she didn't do either of the things she didn't want—

She is neither gaining weight, nor is she dieting. She's getting around the latter in this manner—she gets up on a glass of orange juice, because she *doesn't like* a big breakfast anyway. She goes to sleep on a glass of grapefruit juice, because she *doesn't like* late snacks anyway. So neither of those are dieting. And for her one meal a day, as the result, she can and does eat anything she feels like—whether it's a great heap of salad, or a two-inch-thick steak with gravy. And when you ask her how she can eat all that, she tells you she doesn't like to diet, and grins.

Even in the greatest thing in life—love, marriage—Gloria has had the courage to know what she didn't want, and stick to it. And in the story of how she did, her greatest mistake in her program of "don't want" must be recorded. It's like this:

When she was young, she had, like other youngsters, some rather half-baked theories that sounded real to her. One of them was the popular young-life idea that "marriage is an antiquated, to-be-put-up-with custom, made tolerable only through the application of modern thought." Gloria didn't want her marriage to be a humdrum sort of affair; she didn't want to be hidebound and convention-ridden. So when she married Blair Gordon Newell, during her co-ed days, she didn't want to give up any of the things she thought marriage might cost her. So because she thought she *didn't want* old-fashioned marriage, they undertook a new-fashioned one. They remained individuals—even lived apart much of the time. It was one of those bohemian, arty marriages. And it didn't take.

Gloria found out that it didn't work. She didn't want to continue the farce. Here her courage came to the fore. She could have shrugged her shoulders and made the best of it, and avoided offending her relatives and his. But she didn't want to do that; she didn't want to compromise with the truth. She learned that she had made a mistake; she didn't want to perpetuate it by making another. So she took her courage boldly in her hands, and announced that she didn't want to be Mrs. Newell any longer.

She got what she wanted, her divorce.

Love came again. Gloria, having learned one lesson, didn't want to suffer again. She didn't want to fall in love again.

She had the courage to say so to the man in the case—Arthur Sheekman, newspaperman once, now a writer for Fox. Sheekman, intelligent, saw her point. He loved her enough to listen to her—and they made an agreement that they would NOT fall in love.

But things aren't done as easily as that. Little Danny Cupid doesn't listen to what people don't like—not even to Gloria's don't-want-to's. They fell in love! And they married.

"I don't want our marriage to flop—like my other one did," Gloria bravely told Sheekman. They talked it over, frankly, decently, as two modern intelligent people in love. They arrived at a basis of understanding. They found they had a community of interests—both in the same industry, at the same studio; each had deep respect for the other's individuality; each finds interest in the other's work; neither opposes the other's career nor is jealous; each understands the other—and instead of committing the error of living apart, though married, they live as closely together, in mind and thought as well as physical presence, as is possible.

THEY'VE quarrelled only once in the many months of their marriage. That was over a difference of opinion about, of ALL things, Russia's five-year-plan. In the midst of the quarrel, they laughed. "I never want to quarrel with you again," Gloria sobbed.

Gloria doesn't like apartments; they live in a house in Beverly Hills. She doesn't like whoopee and wild parties; they never have them. She doesn't like to 'be Hollywood'; and she's known as the most un-Hollywoody star in Hollywood.

The studio has learned, too, that when Gloria doesn't like something, she won't take it. They learned it most definitely a couple of years ago, or so, when Gloria realized that little by little her career was being side-tracked, and that she was becoming, instead of a star on the upgrade, just another leading woman. She saw other, newer actresses being put in choice spots, while she just was sitting out her contract. She didn't like it.

That week-end, she talked things over with Arthur. "We can take a shack in Laguna Beach," she reasoned. "I can cook, and you can write whenever you want to. It won't cost us a hundred a month. And I won't have to take what I don't want!"

Sheekman said all right. It was part of their code. Gloria, fortified with his loyalty, strengthened by knowing she didn't have to take what she didn't want to take, when they tried to force it on her, became a new woman.

At the studio, they recognized something had happened. Gloria never defied them; it never was as open as that. It was only that there was a new self-assuredness about her, a definite force. And all of a sudden, Gloria began getting the plum rôles. You've seen her in them—you've seen how Gloria, a couple of years ago just another actress, is suddenly zooming to the top again, in grand pictures, grand rôles. Gloria and Arthur never had to hie themselves off to Laguna; it never became necessary. Gloria, through the simple expedient of making ready to refuse what she didn't want to take, didn't have to take it anyway!

So there she is, at the top again, having what she wants because she won't have what she doesn't want. She has always known what she didn't want, and has consistently refused to take it. She's gotten as far as any girl who knew what she *did* want and made that her guiding star.

She epitomizes her philosophy of life now in a single summary—

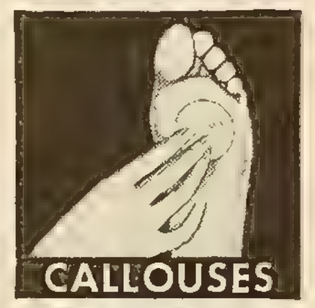
"I don't want ever to get tired of living," she says. "I don't want ever to face the time or the situation when I will have to take that situation, whether I want to or not. If Fate will always let me try something new when the old wears out—whatever that be—I'll be happy . . . . . "

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Nautical Recipes For Landlubbers

[*Continued from page 8*]

this world? The crew, a jolly group, was making sail while we perched atop cartons and cases of food, waiting for the chef to come aboard to supervise the stowing of provisions. I wanted to talk with Lee's cook after hearing the marvels he performs when it seems as though he has only a can opener with which to work.

This Tracy chap is a hundred and fifty pounds of dynamic energy, brimming over with wisecracks and mile a minute conversation. He couldn't stand still long enough to fry an egg and admits he is one fellow who doesn't care a rap about being noted for some mysterious concoction of his own. Yet man-like, when Lee enters his teak and mahogany dining salon, he demands good food even though the meal is being served in the middle of the Pacific ocean. Hence my interest—which was well rewarded—in Bill, the chef. For instance, imagine how good the following dish would taste on land or sea!

BLANKETED LITTLE PORK SAUSAGES

Tasty breadcrumb dressing, well seasoned
Canned Little Pork Sausages
1 can Chicken Broth
Seasoning to taste
Flour

Fry sausages until about half done. Make dressing, adding a little of the pork fryings for richness. Moisten with chicken broth until mixture is firm enough to mold. Mold dressing into shape of croquettes, the length of sausages. Press sausages into dressing and cover completely, retaining shapely croquettes. Roll croquettes in bread or cracker crumbs and fry slowly a delicate brown, allowing time for sausages to finish cooking and dressing to become thoroughly done. Add a little of the remaining fat from pork fryings to balance of chicken broth. Heat and thicken for gravy which is to be served piping hot over croquettes. Serve with canned apple sauce.

"Guess I'm not the domestic type," Lee observed. "I've been living in hotels ever since I went on the stage and even sunny California hasn't converted me to vine covered bungalows. No servant problems for me or sleepless nights because gophers are ruining the front lawn. I'll bail out boats instead of water-swamped basements—*that's fun!*"

And there you have Lee Tracy in a nutshell. He is equally intense about work or play—no actor in Hollywood is more serious about or gives more time and thought to his characterizations—no person seeks diversion more diligently—and he sees to it that no humdrum daily cares interfere with either.

When I talked with Bill I found he could give us many pointers that work equally well in either kitchen or galley.

MEN & WOMEN
Hotel Positions

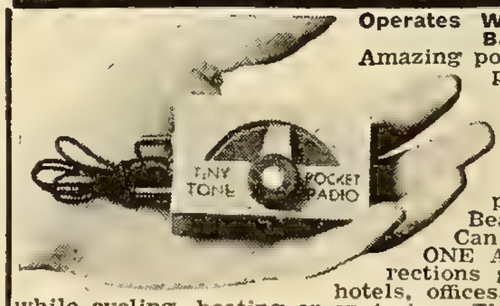
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Win a Telephone Call from Gene Raymond

(See page 18)

It isn't necessary to own a boat to appreciate the value of a cupboard stocked with prepared foods. How about the day Aunt Emma and all the cousins drove up unexpectedly in time for dinner? It's a comfortable feeling to bring the crowd home after an evening of merry making and know you can fill their empty tummies with little or no trouble. No bargain days down town will be missed if you make use of Bill's tasty recipes.

PREPARED HAM WITH ORANGE SAUCE

Half or whole Flavor Sealed Ham
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup orange juice
2 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup water
8 whole cloves
2 tbls. corn starch

Turn ham out of can and place in open dripping pan. Cover the fat side with brown sugar. Add balance of sugar to orange juice, water, rind, and whole cloves. Cook this mixture on top of range until slightly thickened. Pour over ham and bake at 300 degrees until ham is thoroughly heated through. Remove ham from pan, pour off excess fat and thicken juice with cornstarch. Dip each piece of ham in gravy when served.

GREEN PEA SOUFFLE

1 can Pea Soup
2½ cups white breadcrumbs
¼ tsp. celery salt
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
4 egg whites, beaten until stiff
Suggestion of minced garlic

Add breadcrumbs to soup and beat until smooth. Add celery salt and minced garlic. Add egg yolks and mix thoroughly. Fold in egg whites lightly, keeping mixture as light and fluffy as possible. Turn into well greased ring mold and bake in pan of water at 350 degrees until mixture is firm. Remove from pan of water, bake fifteen minutes longer. Turn souffle out on plate, and fill center of ring with creamed peas.

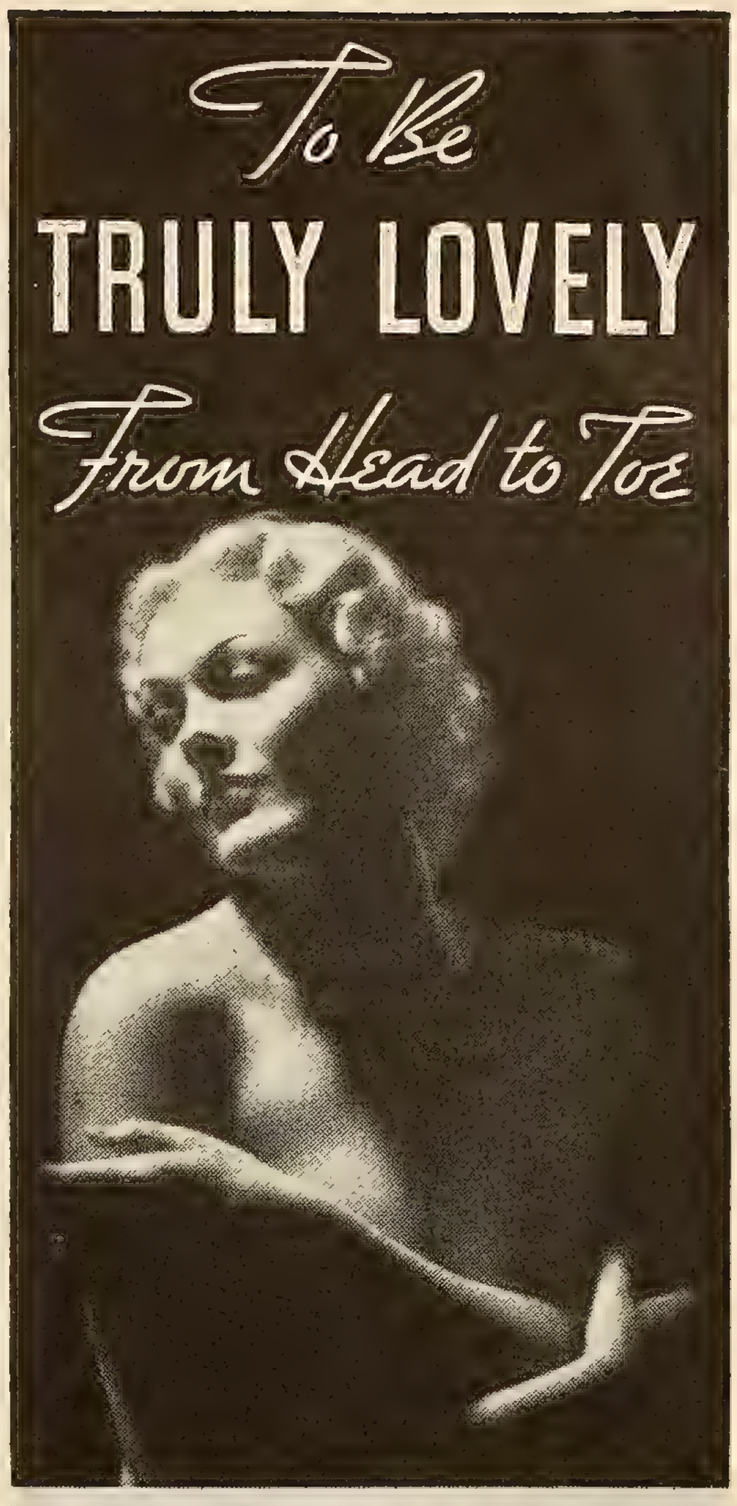
It's an easy matter to have a Spanish dinner even though fresh products aren't available. Canned Chili Con Carne and Tamales are served with Rice Madrid, while canned pears, cheese and crackers provide the dessert.

RICE MADRID

1½ cups uncooked rice
2 large onions sliced
4 canned green chili peppers, chopped fine
1 can Consomme Madrilene
Salt to taste
1 Tsp. chili powder
1 clove garlic, minced fine
1 can solid pack tomatoes
Grated cheese
Olive Oil

Place olive oil in large frying pan, add rice and stir constantly until light brown. Add onion, peppers and tomatoes. Add enough soup to cover mixture sufficiently as rice swells. When mixture comes to a boil, lower heat, cover, and cook for one hour, or until rice has taken up all of the moisture. Mix chili powder in a little cold water and add to mixture, being careful not to mash rice grains. Stir in finely minced garlic. Do not cook after garlic and chili powder have been added. Sprinkle rice with grated cheese before serving.

Send 15c for a complete copy of the Stars Cookbook, containing recipes from 15 noted Hollywood celebrities. Address orders to Dorothy Dwan, MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.



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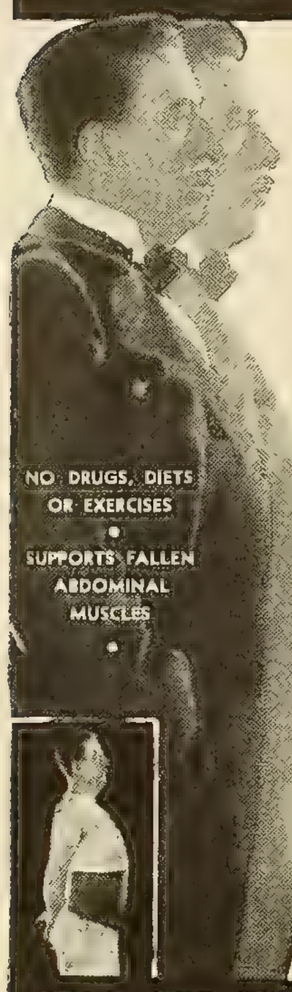
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The Good Earth

[*Continued from page* 35]

Miss Rainer's role; the home of the uncle, played by Walter Connolly, the home of Ching, the friend, and many others. Stone markers, inscribed in Chinese, mark off the different farm boundaries. Eight water buffalo draw plows, or turn the great water wheel that supplies irrigation from the stream. Ducks, chickens, pigeons, pigs, dogs, donkeys—a very menagerie of livestock—are released and give an additional reality to the location.

Chinese utensils, plows, implements, tools, even portions of the houses, came from China, bought there and brought back by the production unit that spent a year in the Far East in preparation for the production. Wooden plows and harrows, flumes and water wheels, furniture made of bamboo, Chinese ox carts, dishes, water jars, shovels, a wayside shrine to the Feng Shui, or household gods, all came from China. Even the costumes were purchased in the fields in China.

These items were all carefully checked, stored, and produced by the busy property man as called for in the script. The properties range from a huge inlaid wedding sedan chair to Chinese thread and needles. More than 380 cases of properties were brought back from the Orient when the picture was first planned, nearly four years ago.

In a corner of the location, a small shack houses a complete weather bureau, for weather reports guide the work of the company almost every hour of the day. The appearance of clouds is studied by the director. If the light fails in one spot, he



Lily Pons so endeared herself to screen audiences with her first picture that RKO-Radio prevailed on her to return for a second nearly six months before the date specified in her contract. She will start production immediately on a filmusical tentatively entitled *Love Song*



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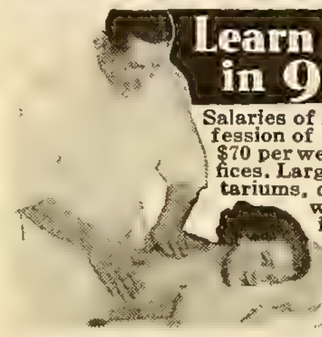
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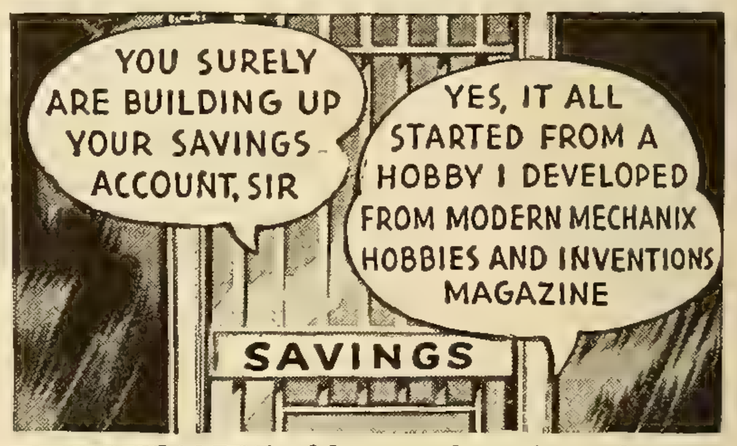
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Gail Patrick, Binnie Barnes, Rosalind Russell and Phylis Clare were decidedly among those present when Victor McLaglen gave an informal Sunday afternoon party at his swanky Flintridge estate recently

chooses another, and films some other detail of the story if possible. If not, he has the option of using the stage constructed on the location, for interiors, or, as sometimes happens, ordering the entire company back to the studio to work on a sound stage set.

THE town, center of the farming region, is literally a part of China. Crossing its stone bridge, which was brought back from Anwehi province, one enters through the gate in the reproduction of the Chinese Great Wall, over a moat, into a busy market street, filled with bustling humanity. The duck merchant sits beside his piles of roasted dried ducks. The meat merchant is flanked by sides of roast pork and other Chinese staples. The fruit merchants fill the wicker holders that substitute for paper bags.

Pottery merchants, grain merchants, sellers of rice and hot water, vendors of cloth, jewelry, and other Chinese goods, often haggling with the customer on the street, add to the Babel. But it is systematic Babel, starting at the command of the director over his loud-speaker system and translated into Chinese by busy interpreters who run to and fro in the crowd. In the hills, in the background, for half a mile, one can see the Chinese farmers, plowing the terraces and hoeing their crops.

Aside from a few principals, the entire cast is Chinese. Players recruited from Hollywood are augmented by Orientals from all over the Pacific Coast. Some speak perfect English. Some speak none. There are many unusual characters, such as Moy Ming, oldest Chinese actor in pictures, and a building contractor when away from the camera; William Law, San Francisco civic leader and controller of business interests totaling a million dollars, who is aiding the picture as a patriotic duty, he says.

General Theodore Tu, loaned by the Chinese government, acts as technical adviser. Tom Gubbins, unofficial "Mayor" of Los Angeles' Chinatown, and contractor for Chinese players, aids him.

Muni, Miss Rainer, Walter Connolly, and Charley Grapewin, (who plays the old father) literally live Chinese lives in the amazing location. But one finds American touches too. Behind the Great Wall one inevitably finds a group of small Chinese boys, who attend American school, play baseball, just like American youngsters, between scenes. In a shady corner one may see a group of Chinese elders, engrossed in a game of cards, and on close scrutiny discover that the game is American draw poker!

At five o'clock, as the sun sinks and the light becomes yellow, the director orders his final "cut". The big busses limber up. The caterers' trucks that bring food out for the lunch tent, start for town. The Chinese check past "Hezzy" Tate, assistant director, to have their paychecks approved and signed, then past the cashier who pays them off. Extras are paid daily. The principals receive checks by the week.

The cameramen pack their equipment in black cases. A film car hurries studioward, with the undeveloped film. Other trucks gather up lamps, cables, the portable sound equipment.

The cavalcade starts toward Hollywood. By six, only a crew of quiet watchmen remain on the erstwhile bustling section of China.



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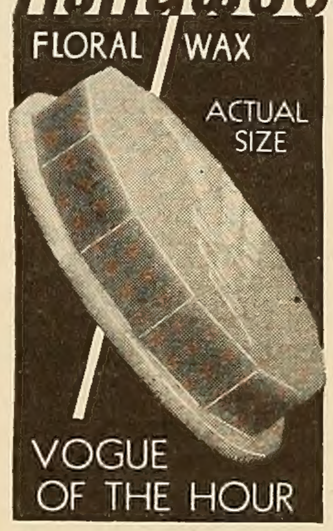
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The Real Reason Why Jean Harlow Hated Her Hair

[*Continued from page* 28]

a startling barrier to the revelation of her real self. She was pigeon-holed, catalogued, not only as the platinum blonde, but the girl with the platinum soul.

From the very beginning of her career Jean realized the price she would have to pay for her fame. When *Hell's Angels* was released Jean Harlow became a sensational controversy over night. Much to her horror, she, as a woman, was invested with the qualities she portrayed on the screen. It was a ready-made reputation which she neither deserved nor understood.

IT was on her personal appearance tour, before she went to MGM, that Jean began to pay a large price for her strange fame. The night she first faced audiences is etched in her memory as a dreadful nightmare. She came out on the stage to look at eyes, glaring and leering, with a covetous stare in them. Dreadful eyes. She ran to her dressing-room and cried until it was time for her to go on again. She knew at that moment that her fame would carry a heavy penalty. And because she is a courageous person, she decided to pay it—knowing full well that she would be misunderstood, ungenerously treated and wrongly regarded.

And she found that misunderstanding in plenty. Jean recalls today the parties where women gathered in little groups and sometimes gathered their men near them the moment she came into a room. She was the menace, the embodiment of all women feared in another woman.

"Women didn't even bother to get to know me," she declares now. "They went into a shell—and no friendly overtures I made, were of the slightest use."

There were dozens of incidents at parties which hurt dreadfully—which sent her home with a lump in her throat. She recalls vividly one evening when she was a guest, with many others, at a producer's home. When she entered the drawing room, there was a sudden chill, a sudden stillness. And then a woman near the door suddenly turned away, went directly to her husband chatting near a window. She linked her arm in his, made hasty good-night, and departed with her man in tow.

It was a pointed, a horrid, little trick. And Jean at that moment promised herself complete seclusion. For months she didn't go anywhere. There was no use to pretend a gaiety she didn't feel, knowing that every woman present at social events considered her an enemy and acted accordingly.

There came a time when Jean Harlow's super-human forbearance was at an end. Then began a fight to discard her platinum hair—to abandon her trade-mark. She was called unwise—and other names not so flattering—when she first began her campaign to darken her hair, to permit it to be its present shade of brownette.

"I don't want to be a show piece," she told them. "I'm tired of being a show piece. If you only want my platinum hair, then get a wig and stick it on some other girl. I have a right to show what I can do with a personality which is my own. *You* don't know if I can act. *I* don't know if I can act. Isn't it about time to give me a chance to find out? I'm tired of being nothing more than a platinum blonde!"

Because she wanted dark hair so desperately, she was finally permitted to have it. Even to the first day of production her director pleaded with her. "You're giving up a valuable property. The world knows you by your platinum hair."

"That's just exactly what I'm fighting against," Jean replied.

"I HAVE always hated my platinum hair," Jean says today. "Not only because it limited me as an actress, but primarily because it limited me as a human being. It made me look 'hard,' spectacular. If I were quiet and self-possessed, people said, 'Harlow is out of character.' And so I had my job cut out for me—I had to live up to my platinum personality.

"At last, I have a chance to be myself. The change in me is reflected in the reaction of people towards me. Suddenly women have become friendly. If I go to a party I am no longer treated as a menace.

"In the past, few people took the trouble to find out what was behind my supposed platinum personality. The most extraordinary stories were built around me. I was consecutively in love with a prize fighter, with a doctor, with a dance director, with a scion of wealth.

"As a matter of fact, I met the prize fighter twice, quite casually. The doctor was an old-time friend, with whose sister I had gone to school. And I had danced to the band-leader's music once. That millionaire, by the way, was pure fiction.

"I have had to fight against the reputation of sex as no other girl in pictures. As a matter of fact," and Jean's mouth curled in a wry smile, "I understand that my name was synonymous with it.

"But I couldn't defend myself. There was nothing that I could say that people would believe.

"The past year has been happy because I haven't had to depend upon a platinum personality to sell myself. I have always known all my good qualities and all my bad ones. I am a human being and a woman. At last I have nothing to live up to except my own definite standards. And as long as I never let down a friend or myself, as long as I have the approval of those who love me—that is enough.

"I have learned in this past year, which has marked the great change in me, to depend upon myself for my own happiness, and to find it in my own way. Finally I have self-confidence, self-assurance. Now I feel that I have a future ahead of me—a career not based on a trade-mark."



Margo, whose exotic personality will next be seen in one of the important roles in Columbia's *Lost Horizon,* displays one of Hollywood's newest fashion creations, a shirt-and-slack outfit designed for universal sport wear

AS Jean has changed in her ideas and in her attitudes, so has she changed in outward details. Long ago if Jean were hurt, if Jean were frightened, she would instantly assume a rôle she might have played before the camera, and she was the hey-hey girl, voice high, manner care-free.

I remember once when she was scheduled for a general interview with several out-of-town writers. Jean was so frightened her knees shook. But she threw back her shoulders, strutted down the stairs to the drawing room, where they waited, and magically assumed the Jean Harlow personality seen on the screen. *Jean was selling her platinum personality.* She was selling it in self-defense.

Today no matter what the situation is, she is herself. Poised and quiet-spoken, with no undue emphasis given to what might be in the minds of people in regard to her.

Her friendship with Bill Powell has had a vital influence on her. It has insulated her against hurts. In his own man-of-the-world fashion he has taught her a woman-of-the-world attitude.

Jean today has moved from an enormous house high on a hill, with its all-white furnishings, its swimming pool, its tennis courts. These were the trappings of a "Platinum Blonde," not of the Jean Harlow of today.

She has taken a comparatively small house in Beverly Hills. The furnishings are modest, with not one note of flamboyance among them. They are a suitable background for the girl of the present.

Her social life is almost nun-like in its simplicity. As a matter of fact, in the past year she has attended less than half-a-dozen parties. She lives in slacks and sunsuits when she isn't working. And she wears gala attire only when she is before the camera. She entertains but seldom and then very simply. Usually when she has a guest or two in for dinner, they dine on a table before a fire most informally.

Jean Harlow did not begin life with a platinum personality—and neither was she born with "platinum hair." It was something wished on her when she was given a sensational sex rôle in *Hell's Angels.* Today that almost-white hair is a thing of the past. And with its discard, the Harlow platinum personality has departed too.

And for this Jean is prayerfully grateful!

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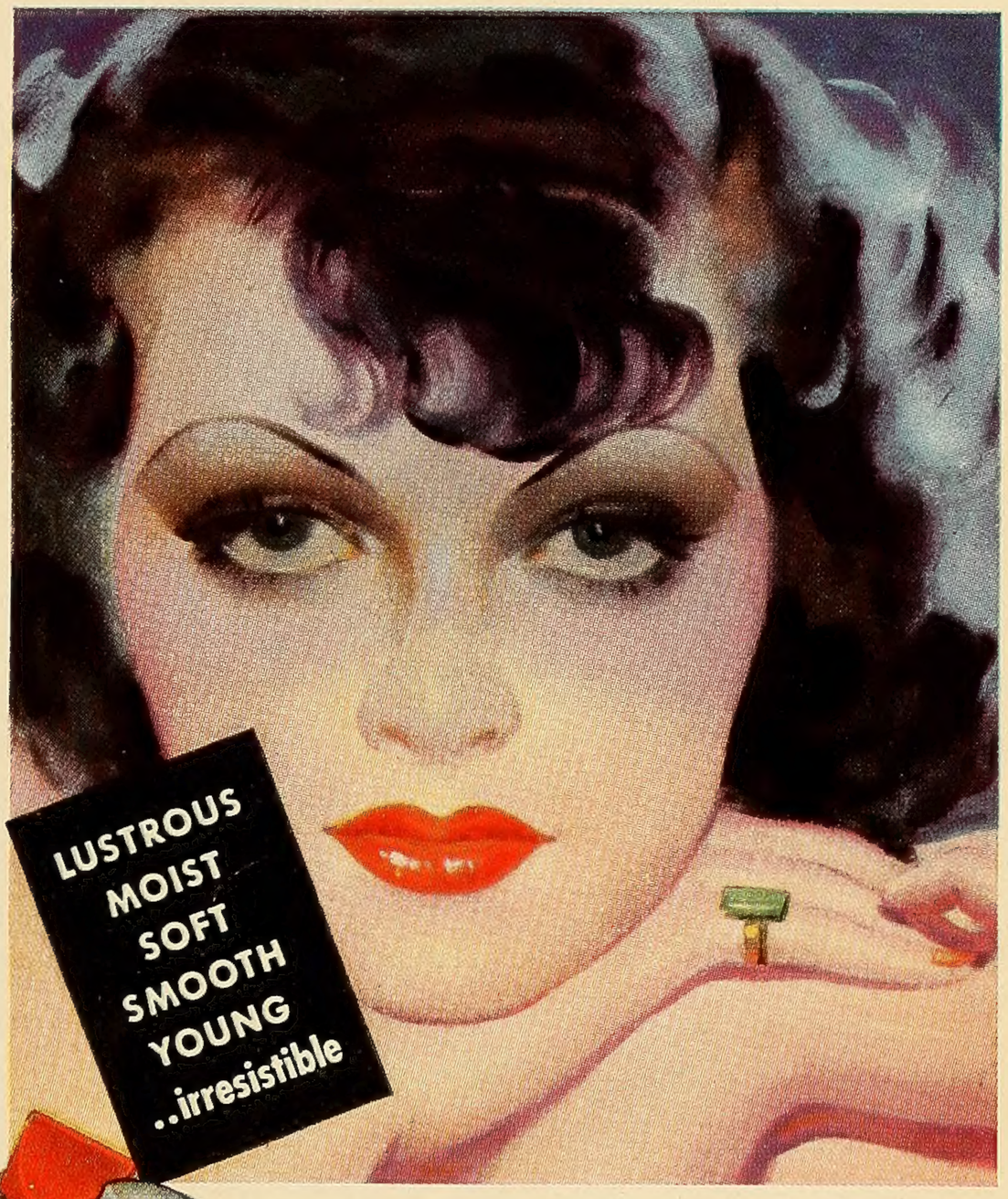
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